

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE only event of the week in domestic politics of much importance has been the argument in the Georgia injunction case before the Supreme Court. Mr. Stansberry, the Attorney-General, acquitted himself very well, although prefacing his argument with a confession that personally he was opposed to the Reconstruction bill. This has called forth some discussion as to the propriety of an avowal of this sort, and a writer in the *New York Times*, while acquitting him of all blame in this particular, cites, as apposite, certain English precedents which refer solely to the avowals of counsel touching matters of fact in criminal cases before juries, and therefore possessing no bearing whatever on Mr. Stansberry's case. He simply confessed to judges sitting *in banco* that his real feeling would not appear in his argument on a point of law—a circumstance about as likely to affect the mind of the court as the color of his hair. Every judge knows that in half the cases in which a lawyer argues points of law he argues against his personal convictions or doubts. But when a lawyer tells a jury he believes in a prisoner's innocence, he drops the character of an advocate and assumes that of a witness to character, and this no judge who knows his duty will for one moment permit.

THE leading points in Mr. Stansberry's arguments were the insufficiency of the parties; the absence of cause of action, owing to the absence of controversy; and the purely political character of the case. Mr. O'Connor was more discursive, more French, and relied more on the "eternal fitness of things." The exceedingly small amount of interest which the public takes in the discussion shows clearly that nobody expects it to result in anything, or believes it to be anything but a trial of wit.

MR. THADDEUS STEVENS has written a letter rebuking Mr. Wilson for the conciliatory speeches he is making in the South, and particularly for saying that if they elected Union senators and representatives, under the Reconstruction bill, they would be admitted to their seats, and that there would be no confiscation. Mr. Stevens asks by what authority Mr. Wilson made these statements, and wants to know who

is authorized to travel and "peddle out amnesty." Mr. Wilson might reply by asking who is authorized to "peddle out" confiscation, as Mr. Stevens says he would do. There is nothing to our minds better settled than that there is to be no confiscation, and why Mr. Stevens keeps talking about it, unless it be by way of playing bugaboo for recalcitrant Southern politicians, we cannot imagine.

SCHUYLER COLFAX is to deliver his lecture, "Across the Continent," in this city on Monday evening next, for the benefit of the Southern Relief Commission, which, though it has done reasonably well, needs to do better. We consider the relief of Southern distress, and not confiscation, to be the Christian close to the process of reconstruction, and we therefore hope the attendance may be good.

POOR debtors make a majority of the total white population of the Carolinas, and General Sickles did a very politic as well as a very good thing in marking the beginning of his military rule by the promulgation of a stay law. There may as well be a stay law as general burning of writs, summonses, and judgments. The general ought to be just now the most popular of all the military governors. In North Carolina the "conservative" negroes seem to be very few indeed—the North Carolina negro slaves, by the way, used to be called the most enlightened slaves in the South. Governor Worth makes no headway at all in getting the colored vote for himself and friends. Governor Orr is more successful, and succeeded in getting "conservative" resolutions passed by a mixed meeting of blacks and whites. In the other State of Gen. Sickles's District, Florida, the negroes are Radical. At Tallahassee they listened civilly enough while Gov. Walker pointed out to them that the white men had exterminated the Indians, that the black men might be exterminated too, and that they ought to cultivate friendship with the true friend of the negro, the Southern gentleman, and at the end of the oration passed resolutions expressive of gratitude to the North for emancipation and of their intention to look to the Republican party for friendship and help. In Georgia General Pope signalized his first days of authority in a way quite different, but equally characteristic. Governor Jenkins, who for months and years has been commenting on the Constitution with perfect impunity, General Pope, to the joy of Georgia, we presume, brought up with a very round turn. Though, as nobody minds Mr. Jenkins much, it might have been as well to let him go on. In Virginia almost everything moves smoothly. General Schofield has, however, been compelled to warn Mr. Wynne, publisher of the *Richmond Times*, that it is not permitted to speak of the loyal people of the United States as "the blood-stained authors of our ruin." The negro vote in the coming elections in Virginia is morally certain to be given for the Radical candidates wherever there are Radical candidates to give it to. As for Alabama, it is said that in the northern part of the State the white Radicals are numerous and very well organized, and that in the southern counties, where blacks are numerous and white Radicals few, one-half the candidates will be selected from among the negro voters in order to secure a Republican triumph. Meantime, in the southern part of the State, prejudice against the negroes is reported as still strong, and it is said that Judge Richard Busted has not as yet appointed a single commissioner under the Civil Rights act. In Louisiana and Texas, Sheridan, it would seem, is held back from doing all he would like to do; for Throckmorton is still governor of Texas, and it is said that the Attorney-General will so expound the Military bill as to prevent Sheridan's removing either Throckmorton or other officials already in office who have committed no act of disobedience to the law since it was actually passed. On the whole, the Military bill works unexpect-

edly well, and it seems, from present appearances, as if Congress had done just the thing that the South needed.

JUDGE COMSTOCK, of this State, has written a very melancholy letter to *The World* about the approaching end of the American Union. He says that if Georgia and Mississippi have no remedy against the Reconstruction bill in an appeal to the Supreme Court, "the law of force must hereafter govern the relations of the Union to the States," and "it requires no prophetic eye," etc. The fact is that "the law of force" not only governs the relations of the States to the Union, but of men to the State, and has always governed them. There is a pleasant legal fiction that all these things are regulated by "compact," but it is only a fiction. Every time a policeman takes a man to jail, he offers evidence that society does rest on "the law of force," and the day on which the Union armies first marched to put down the rebellion the fact that the Union rests on the law of force was as completely recognized as it would be by the refusal of the Supreme Court to interfere for the protection of Georgia and Mississippi from military government. If I stay in a house quietly because I know I shall not be allowed to leave it, I am as much detained by force as if I were all the time making frantic efforts to break the door open. The attempts of Democratic lawyers to make "horrible revelations" about the consequences of the Congressional measures of reconstruction are almost painful specimens of perverted ingenuity, and generally end in the discovery of mares' nests. The whole war was in fact waged to settle the question whether there was or could be such a thing as a Union of mere inclination.

THE discreditable attempt to give Judge Barnard a monopoly of the chamber business of the Supreme Court, to which we referred last week, we think we may say has failed, owing to the revelation to the governor of its real motive. It would, had it succeeded, have placed the business, liberty, and reputation of everybody in this city, and some 20,000,000 of dollars of money held in trust and in the hands of receivers, in the control of this one man. Nevertheless he was supported heartily by many editors of the city press—a part of which he owns—and by numbers of wealthy men, including members of the Citizens' Association. The one thing they said for him was that he was "smart," and could despatch business rapidly, and had quarrelled with the "ring"—the very plea which persons of the same class put forward in excuse for their published recommendation of Fernando Wood in 1855 to the suffrages of the people for the mayoralty of the city. Nothing can be more alarming or more discreditable than the seeming concurrence of men of property and standing in the theory that, provided a candidate for a judicial office is likely to wage war on knaves, testimony as to his own character is superfluous. If the whole fact of this last intrigue could be told, it would be found to be highly interesting and highly instructive.

WE deeply regret to say that the controversy between "T. W." and "H. G." has come to a close, so that the expectation we raised last week of interesting developments as to the leading incidents in the lives of these two gentlemen during the period beginning with 1837 and ending in 1860 will not be realized. Whether "T. W." boarded or "kept house" in the winter of 1839 will now probably never be known, as "H. G." refuses to mention, and the secret will probably die with him. We doubt if there is another man of eminence in the Union privy to it. "T. W.," we believe, has had the last word, but not until "H. G." had pronounced him "an unprincipled juggler." We trust "T. W." will not let the matter rest here. He must not be disheartened; far worse "names" than he has been called may be found in Crabbe's Dictionary of Synonyms, and we trust he will use them freely. They are the property of the Anglo-Saxon race.

STRIKES still continue among the mechanics, with little result, but a good deal of violent talk and bitter feeling. The tailors have had a meeting in this city, in which there were some sensible resolutions passed, recognizing the inefficiency of strikes as a method of determining the rate of wages, and recommending arbitration as a substitute. A better substitute still would be the co-operative system. Nothing

will ever put an end to strikes but the practical acquaintance of the workmen with the risks and uses of capital.

Two things are noticeable in the third semi-annual report on schools for freedmen by the Rev. J. W. Alvord, general superintendent under the Bureau: the quite exceptional mention of disturbances once so common in almost every school district, and the increased participation of the freedmen in the support of their schools. The report extends only to January 1, and proves that a marked change had already been wrought in the conduct of the Southern people towards the teachers and their work before the reconstruction bills had been passed and a military police appointed to preserve order. Since then, and since the intelligence and political power seemed both about to lodge in the hands of the blacks, what school-house has been burned or teacher maltreated? We have heard of none. The freedmen at least are not afraid to invest their savings in this lately precarious property. "There are," says Mr. Alvord, "623 schools sustained wholly or in part by the freedmen, and 286 of the buildings in which these schools are taught are owned by themselves." Another interesting fact: "15,348 colored pupils pay tuition, the amount of which per month is \$11,377 03" (about the cost *per capita* in Massachusetts); "and these self-supporting pupils are mainly from the recently emancipated population. Only 2,302 of all the above (77,998) pupils, as reported, were free before the war."

THE war cloud in Europe seems to have blown over, as we have all along anticipated it would, at least for the present, leaving some of the "great dailies" here in a terrible mess, as they were busy putting the French and Prussian armies in the field, and were promising the public something very bloody in place of the "Fenian outbreak," indefinitely postponed, and which was to have been the leading attraction of the present newspaper season. They are now grumbling over the "special despatches" which were so precious three or four weeks ago, but which nobody now likes to own. They were, however, not so much to blame as they appear to think they were, as there is no doubt that the private commercial correspondence was even more confident of war than the newspapers, and affairs have at times looked very threatening. Our confidence in the preservation of peace, at least for the present, has never been shaken, as our readers know, and we think the later news fully justifies it. The process by which we reached our conclusions is one which, in default of private and confidential information from Louis Napoleon and Count Bismark, we think was a very safe though a very simple one, and we recommend it for general use. It consists in the first place of paying no attention whatever to the opinions or predictions of the sage who sends news to the Associated Press from the other side of the water, and in not being too much affected by "panics" among the stock-brokers. The price of the government funds at the great exchanges of Europe is, of course, an indication of some value of what is going to happen, but then stock-brokers are the most easily panic-stricken class in the world. The great facts in the present imbroglio, which must not be lost sight of in judging of the future, are that the dispute about Luxembourg was clearly not foreseen by either party; it sprang on them both without notice, and we know that neither of them is, in a military sense, ready for war. As we pointed out three weeks ago, the Prussians cannot go to war without a terrible derangement of industry, and need not go to war, having got all they want, until they are attacked. The French, on the other hand, have evidently been taken by surprise, and can at this moment put just enough men in the field, armed mainly with muzzle-loaders, to give battle to such an army as Prussia had at Sadowa. Defeat in one action would, therefore, involve the capture of Paris and the overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty, and the relegation of France for our lifetime to the position of a second-class power. To suppose that Louis Napoleon and his generals would run such a risk is to suppose them totally wanting in common sense as well as in military ability. So, let the opposition taunt and jeer as they may, the dispute will be settled by peaceful negotiation, if it can be settled, and, in any case, the negotiations will drag on a long time. But when a conference is held, with the heads of arrangement already set down, there need be little fear of miscarriage; so we may fairly consider the danger past for this summer, and, we believe, for this year.



THE Eyre faction in England have at last received a crushing blow in the charge of Chief-Justice Cockburn to the grand jury in the case of Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand. The charge was in some parts rather vague, and on some points could hardly have made a very distinct impression on the mind of the grand jury; but on one point it was clear as noon, and that was that Gordon's execution was murder. Nelson and Brand, having only done in an ignorant and brutal way the work that was given them to do, have got off, the bills against them having been thrown out; but the guilt of Governor Eyre is now settled, and the only question is how to get at him. Entrenched behind the country justices he is safe, but if he should show his face in London he will undoubtedly be arrested. The charge has produced such a profound impression on the public mind that there is very little doubt the Jamaica Committee will be more than ever encouraged to follow him up.

ONE of the notable defeats which Count Bismark sustained in the late session of the North German Parliament was that in which a clause denying pay to the members of succeeding parliaments was replaced by a provision for mileage and salary from the national treasury. The struggle over this was a very stubborn one. Service without compensation, it was asserted by the Conservatives, is the indispensable corrective of universal suffrage. It would give us, replied the National party, a chamber of lords, but no popular representation; it would create a moneyed aristocracy, the worst of all. Bismark protested in the name of the confederate states that the amendment could not be tolerated, but a fair majority of six withstood the menace. Whether the principle is embodied in the constitution as adopted, we do not know. Prior to the final vote, the several governments were to have expressed themselves on the amendments, and it is possible the original clause was in this instance restored. The question is not without interest, and has been discussed even in this country. Under the Confederation, members of Congress were paid by the States which they represented, so that in framing the Federal Constitution the main dispute was naturally not whether Congressmen should be paid, but by whom and how much. Yet Butler and Rutledge, of South Carolina, would have allowed them no compensation, and Gouverneur Morris was opposed to paying Senators anything. Charles Pinckney, who wanted property qualifications exacted of the President and of Congress, proposed that the States should pay their delegates in both Houses; but it was seen that this would place the Government at the mercy of the States, as had already happened, Rhode Island once refusing to support her delegation and so retaining them at home. Hamilton argued that payment by the nation would be a guaranty that the number of acting members would never be reduced to a bare quorum. Madison wanted the Constitution to fix the salaries by some less fluctuating standard of value than money, and thought it indecent and dangerous for the matter to be left absolutely to Congress. Patrick Henry, in Virginia, feared, as did many other politicians, that the Congress would vote themselves too high a salary; Mr. Tyler, of the same State, feared lest the opposite should happen, and as only rich men could then undertake the office, an aristocracy would result. And one of Elbridge Gerry's eight objections to signing the actual Constitution, referring to Art. I, section 6, was "the unlimited power of Congress over their own compensation."

THE Mont Cenis Tunnel—an enterprise worthily associated with the Suez Canal and the Atlantic Telegraph, is making favorable progress. Owing to a delay of two years in employing the best boring machines, the northern gallery is considerably in arrear of the southern, besides having encountered a stratum of quartzite which was with the utmost difficulty penetrated. That passed, anhydrite and dolomite admit of as rapid advances as those from the Italian side. The bed of the tunnel is not a plane, but consists of two opposite acclivities, culminating in the middle—say, four and a half miles from each opening—the northern pitch being much the steeper. Down this, under many disadvantages of ventilation, drainage, and mechanical power, the Italians must work, after having completed their half and touched the apex. The two gangs of workmen are now about four miles apart, and it is expected that by the close of 1870 they will have shaken hands *sub terra*.

#### THE VANITY OF LUXURY.

WE have received from a grieved correspondent in Savannah, Georgia, a vigorous but pathetic remonstrance upon our recent defence of luxury, and he says the direct tendency of our article is to encourage the purchase of "silks, satins, diamonds, and champagne," and the consequence of the possession of these articles in any quantity he pronounces "to be vanity and vexation of spirit," "and bitterness, envyings, and wretchedness." We may as well confess freely that we think the influence of the newspaper press, either in promoting or keeping down luxury, too small to be worth speaking of, and it was not in the hope or expectation of exercising any such influence, but as a contribution towards rational thought on a subject of some importance, that the article to which he refers was written. We always read the newspaper lamentations over the popular appetite for "foreign luxuries" with very much the same feeling that we read the Pope's curses of modern literature and science, and consider them, if we may be allowed to use the poor man's comment on cabbage, as an article of food as "filling at the money." They take up space in a harmless way, which in these days of "enterprise" and "special despatches" is a great thing. People will buy luxuries whenever they have the money to spare in spite of the newspapers. Certainly newspaper editors are not the persons to call them to account for it, as they are not, we believe, celebrated for their ascetic temperament, and in most countries are not found to "lag behind the age," as the phrase is, in pursuit of material comfort. Clergymen might preach on the subject with a better grace, as their congregations seem to enjoy confining them to plain living, we presume with the desire of having in every parish at least one model of Christian simplicity. But both editors and clergymen have preached and will always preach in vain. The love of luxury, that is, of the things which, at any particular period, or in any particular country, are not considered necessary to health or comfort, has always existed and always will exist, and is one of the great springs of human progress. Besides, luxury is a relative term. No such thing as absolute luxury has as yet been discovered; and the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next, and the luxuries of one country are the necessities of another. In the Middle Ages night-shirts were looked on as a silly piece of extravagance, and people of all ranks and classes from the king down slept in the simple costume in which they were born. We have no doubt that when night-gowns began to come into vogue people were accused of running in debt for them to foreigners. In Queen Elizabeth's time the owner of the plainest ingrain carpet, such as may now be found in the house of every American mechanic, would have been looked upon as an extravagant dog, unless he were a great noble, in which case he would probably have excited the Queen's jealousy and been put in the Tower. Over the greater part of the world, to this day, the spectacle of a man's brushing his teeth will draw as large a crowd as the district will afford, and excite amusement and disgust in about equal proportions. In most parts of Turkey, taking sugar habitually in his coffee would be considered, in the case of a person of moderate means, a sign of riotous living. What is now considered very poor claret would in the fifteenth century have been pronounced a royal drink, and we have no doubt whatever that the delicious "Greek wine" which the Jews used to serve out in their back parlors out of "curious silver goblets" to knights trying to raise a loan was execrable stuff. A bath-tub, which most people of intelligence now think a necessary, is in many parts of the world, and even in many circles in highly civilized countries, looked on as a kind of gewgaw for the use of men and women who have little to do. Tea and coffee were very idle and injurious luxuries little more than a century ago. We might extend this catalogue indefinitely. There is, of course, much to be said against the expenditure of money in champagne and diamonds, as there is against all gratification of the palate and personal ornamentation. The only thing that can be said for it is that it gives pleasure, and the utility of pleasure is a question so wide that we forbear entering upon it, and must refer our correspondent to the leading writers on ethics; but we advise him to betake himself to some more profitable occupation than preaching against luxury.

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

RUSSIAN literature is prolific of novels, but we believe no Russian novelist is at all known to the English-speaking world on either side of the Atlantic. We are, however, about to make the acquaintance of the best of these writers—the best now, at any rate, since the death of Gogol in 1851—by means of a translation, made by Mr. Eugene Schuyler, of Ivan Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons." Turgenev is of the nobility, was born near Moscow in 1818, and was educated at Berlin. His first literary venture was a volume of poems. But he won his first marked success in literature in the five years between the twenty-eighth and the thirty-third years of his age, when he published under the title of "Memoirs of a Sportsman" what may be called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Russia—a series of sketches of serf life. The present Emperor declares that this book first turned his thoughts to emancipation. Alexander, however, was then only Czarowitz, and his father Nicholas, not so well pleased at some expressions in the book, ordered Turgenev to his estates. At Alexander's intercession he was, however, soon released. He wrote several other novels between 1851 and 1861, and in the latter year published "Fathers and Sons," the work which Mr. Schuyler has decided to give us first. To contrast two generations of Russians seems to have been Turgenev's idea in the novel, and to draw the character of the typical "nihilist," as the powers that be in Russia call the socialistic agitators who trouble that government and who indeed played an important part in the late assassination conspiracy. Turgenev—the French call him "Tourgueneff" and the Germans "Turgeniew," but "Turgenev" is an exact translation of the Russian,—Turgenev consents to the republication of his novel in this country, and we should suppose the book would find many readers, a good Muscovite novelist being a curiosity among us and a bad Muscovite novelist equally a curiosity.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued within a day or two a limited edition of a valuable work by Dr. J. Mason Warren, "Surgical Observations, with Cases and Operations." Under this modest title the author has given the medical profession, in an enlarged form, the substance of the address, entitled "Recent Progress in Surgery," which he delivered some time since before the Massachusetts Medical Society. The volume is illustrated with wood-cuts and with lithographs, colored and uncolored, is of course handsomely printed, and altogether is worthy to contain Dr. Warren's latest and most elaborate contribution to the science of surgery. Another recent book from the same house is a little paper-covered volume containing Swinburne's unsuccessful "Song of Italy." *The Spectator* declares that the poem is out of breath from the one end to the other, and that the shrill scream of the rhapsodist rarely dies away. *The Pall Mall Gazette* says that of thought in it there is none, of sentiment plenty—sentiment of the blazing kind, which promises above everything to burn out rapidly. The same journal remarks upon the carnality of ideas which is discoverable in this poem as in the other and better works of the poet, and upon "the delights of a fribble" which Mr. Swinburne betrays after he has personified Freedom and Italy and turned them into women. These, however, are the worst words of the critics; the praise of musical rhythm, eloquent writing of the rhetorical kind, and some imaginative power, is not denied to his work. After the fashion for new poets in England of late years, Mr. Swinburne, having gone up very high and with a great noise, has now come down again and is rated by the critics—we do not say too low, for still they seem to expect from him more than we are able to believe they will ever get from him, but certainly very low in comparison with the estimate set upon him before he had descended from the "Atalanta" to the "Chastelard," and from that to the "Laus Veneris," and from that to this unrememberable and almost unreadable ode.

—Some years since D. Appleton & Co. published Mr. G. H. Lewes's "History of Philosophy," a work with which some fault has been found—philosophers not being absolutely of one mind on all subjects, and perhaps not the mildest-mannered of men, and Mr. Lewes not being the most pacific of philosophers—but a work which must, on the

whole, be pronounced excellent. The author has thoroughly revised it and considerably enlarged it, and wishes it to be issued in this country simultaneously with its appearance in England. Properly, it should seem, the republication should be the work of Messrs. Appleton & Co., but they have on hand a part of the old edition. Still it is altogether likely that the revised and improved work will soon be placed by some of our publishers before the American reading public. Books already announced by Messrs. Appleton are "Marie Antoinette and her Son," the latest production, just published in Germany, of Louisa Mühlbach, who is, perhaps, wearing out her welcome among us; "Bible Teachings in Nature," by Hugh McMillan; Maudsley's "Physiology of the Mind;" Prof. Youmans's "Culture Demanded by Modern Life;" and "A Map for Travellers to Europe."—C. Scribner & Co. add nothing to the announcements given last week except a "Life of Carl Ritter," by W. L. Gage.

—We are to suppose that Mr. J. Burroughs Hyde, of this city; Mr. Lewis C. Grover, of Newark, N. J.; Mr. A. M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, N. J., and numerous other reputable citizens of this State and of New Jersey, are guilty of falsehood, or else we are to believe that the popular poem, "Rock me to sleep, mother," was in existence, in manuscript, in 1856, and well known to many friends of Mr. Ball. But the poem was not written, Mrs. E. A. C. Akers says, till 1860, when she wrote it in Italy and sent it over here to a Philadelphia journal. In a brief argument, prepared by the Hon. O. A. Morse, Mr. Ball seems to us to prove, or rather Mr. Ball's indignant friends seem to us to prove, pretty conclusively that gentleman's claim to the authorship of the poem in question. The weakest point in Mr. Morse's case is that he can show no newspaper older than 1860 with any part of his client's poem in it, although he supposes that it was in some country newspaper that Mrs. Akers must have seen the poem, and although we know that as soon as Mrs. Akers had put it into the Philadelphia paper in 1860 it went into every newspaper and became exceedingly popular all over the continent. It is not, however, necessary that Mr. Morse should account for Mrs. Akers's part of the affair; his business was to show by good evidence that Mr. Ball wrote the poem four years before Mrs. Akers says she did. And if he cared to answer the objection above stated, he might reply that till now, and for the purposes of this controversy, Mr. Ball has never sought publicity or print for any of his many verses; that therefore it is by no means certain that the "Rock me to sleep" really got into print in 1856; that Mr. Ball is, however, so careless of his manuscript that a sheet of it may have been lost by him when he visited New Hampshire, Mrs. Akers's place of residence in that year, or an obscure printer may have got hold of it; and finally, that, manuscript copies of the poem having been freely made, Mrs. Akers may have come into possession of one or a part of one of them. Mr. Morse suggests, and he makes the suggestion in good faith, that by some occult sympathy between the minds of Mr. Ball and Mrs. Akers, or by some secret agency of the spiritual essences around us, Mrs. Akers may have been "impressed" to write verses that Mr. Ball had already written! This is very kind of him, but perhaps Mrs. Akers would prefer to bring forward for herself something in the way of passably good evidence in her favor. We do not see that she can do less.

—An excessively rare book, which it is a pity should go out of the country, yet which is likely to go to England, is offered for sale by Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, a firm whose special business is the purchase and sale of books rare and handsome. It is six volumes of the "Athenæ Britannicæ" of Miles Davies, a work in seven volumes, of which such a bibliophile as Dr. Farmer had, according to Chalmers, never seen but one, and Baker had seen only three, which the Earl of Oxford sent him as a very great curiosity, and which are now in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. In fact, it is believed that the only perfect copies in existence are one in the Bodleian Library and one in the British Museum, this one apparently wanting a volume. The copy which we have seen is in morocco, five of the six volumes of 12mo size, but varying in thickness, and one of them a thin 4to. Their author, who was also their publisher, was, it is said, their printer as well, and issuing the volumes at various times, whenever best consisted with his convenience or his needs, may be supposed to have given himself a good deal of latitude in all matters relating to the manufacture. He is



said to have carried his works about from house to house, selling them in the manner of a pedlar; and it is pretty certain that in these words which we noted in the third volume he refers to himself: "A real scholar that was forced to hawke about his own Books or Writings to pick up a Starving Livelyhood." They occur in a passage where, no doubt very much against his inclination—for he was rabid against all Papists and Dissenters and enemies of the House of Hanover—he speaks well of Pope for favors shown him. The words which we have quoted seem to describe him pretty well. He was a man of considerable erudition, with a very good conceit of his own acquirements and abilities, who nearly starved to death on authorship in London at the beginning of the last century. He came up from Tre'r Abbot, Flintshire, Wales, where he had been a clergyman, to London, where he seems to have turned lawyer, for he calls himself counsellor-at-law. Disraeli thinks that, whether he starved or not, he died insane. He writes like a lunatic in many parts of his work, to which, however, we have given but a hasty glance. The title-page to Vol. IV. (no two of the title-pages, by the way, are alike) may serve at once to give some idea of the author's style and of the contents of his book: "*Athenæ Britannicæ; or, The Critical Newes and Parallels of Miscellanies, with the Biographical and Bibliographical Characters of the present Age and Learning and those of the former Archæology.* In reference to, and continuation of, *The Oxford and Cambridge Writers and Others, with some Freedom of Thought and Newness of Stile.* The Whole being a Critical History of Pamphlets, Books, and Authors, especially of *Great Britain.* Calculated for a new Diversion and Method of Free Thinking and a Novelty of New Writing, with a New Set of Thoughts and *Sound Words*; or a New Form and Frame of *Natural Prayer*, and Study or Application and Attention, or with a Novel Set-Form or Form of Novelty of a Nervous Phrase and a Studied Expression, as well as with an uncommon *Command of Thoughts and Words.* For proving or approving or re-proving of some and improving of others. Vol. IV. by the Author of the three first volumes of the *Athenæ Britannicæ.* All the Four Volumes by the Laborious Collection and Learned Readings of MYLES DAVIES, late of Tre'rabbat, in the County of Flint, Counsellor-at-Law, Esq. Sold only by the said Author, Myles Davies, at the corner of *Little Queen Street, Holbourn.*" English and foreign (both Romanist and Dissenting) writers of theological tractates, as well as the champions of the Church of England, are his theme in five of the volumes, and he seems to treat of them with a very great fulness of knowledge. The sixth volume is severe upon the quacks, and gives an account of the quarrels and disputes of the medical fraternity in all countries and ages, of the state of medical science at that time, and of the various ancient and modern schools of medicine. The work may be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

—M. N. Yemeniz, born at Constantinople some eighty-odd years since, of Greek blood, a Frenchman by naturalization, established himself at Lyons so long ago as 1799 as a manufacturer of silk stuffs. He became wealthy, and a great deal of his money he devoted to the formation of a fine library of four thousand volumes. But not many months since his wife died and left the old man so forlorn and unhappy that his library no longer delights him, and he has resolved to part with it. It will be sold during the current month, the days of sale being the last three weeks of May, from the 9th day to the 31st, both inclusive. The collection, says M. Le Roux de Lingy, is to be described not as a cabinet, but as a true library, and he goes on to tell at considerable length what the difference is between the two. Perhaps we give his remarks a good enough interpretation when we say that M. Yemeniz made his purchases on the principle that books were made for the delight and instruction of man, and not on the principle that man was created to hunt books merely as rare books, nor as "tall copies," nor as connected with any particular "line," nor, briefly, for any other reason than the good one above stated. His collection, however, is noticeable in this, that it is particularly rich in first editions. It is stronger in the department of belles-lettres than any other. The catalogue, which we have seen, is a model of order, arrangement, and compression. A copy of it may be examined at the store of Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, who will take orders for the purchase of any books in the library.

—Among new English books we notice the first volume of a new

series of the supplementary "Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur, Duke of Wellington." It contains letters and documents covering the period from the beginning of 1819 to the end of 1822. Topics so weighty as the Congress of Verona, the armed intervention of France in Spanish affairs, the independence of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in America, the affairs of Russia and Turkey, and other high matters, are treated of side by side with topics not so weighty; for instance, this: a certain person who had volunteered to assist the duke through a crowd at the theatre having afterwards requested compensation for a watch which he declared had been lost in the confusion, is duly informed by the duke that "although he has no objection to assist Mr. — in repairing the loss he has sustained, he must at the same time take the liberty of recommending him in future to omit acts of unsolicited and unnecessary politeness unless he is prepared to bear their possible or probable consequences." "Rich in saving common-sense," indeed, to afford to expend it on gentlemen like that one. Another work recently issued in London is a new edition of "*The Poetical Works of N. P. Willis*," with a memoir, too laudatory, as we remember it, taken from *The Round Table.* Sir J. Emerson Tennent's book on "*The Wild Elephant, and the Method of Capturing and Taming it in Ceylon*," to judge from the commendation given it by the critics and from the fact that this is the sixth time that this account has been reprinted from Sir Emerson's larger work, must be an entertaining book and one that will be republished in this country, if not before, then next November or December, when boys' tastes have to be provided for. Another book that might, perhaps, pay for republication in this country, where Tennyson is, with the single exception of Longfellow, the most popular of living poets, is a book, by an anonymous author, containing "*Notes Biographical and Critical on Early Poems of Alfred and C. Tennyson, and In Memoriam Various Readings, with Parallel Passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets.*" Other sources than Shakespeare's sonnets might have been successfully searched for parallel passages, as, for example, parts of "*The Two Voices*" might be read in connection with passages in the Book of Job, and a part of "*The Palace of Art*" in connection with the sixteenth chapter of the apocryphal "*Wisdom of Solomon*." A recent translation into English is the Icelandic "*Viga Glum's Saga*" by Sir Edmund Head, the translation being prefaced by a Greek epigram from the pen of Mr. Lowe, whose previous conspicuous displays of classical attainments were made last year in that skilful contest in quotations from Virgil to which he and Mr. Gladstone were parties, and in which the great Adullamite was not worsted. We must not forget to mention Mr. F. A. Paley's "*Iliad of Homer, with English Notes*." The *Iliad* is not, in Mr. Paley's opinion, the "*Iliad*" of Homer, for in the controversy on the unity of the poem he takes the side of Wolf. Mr. Gladstone he accuses of what "is nothing better than a *petitio principii*."

#### EDUCATIONAL.

MR. SAMUEL PORTER, formerly of Hartford, and now of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, has reprinted in pamphlet form his essay on "*The Vowel Elements in Speech*," which originally appeared in *The American Journal of Sciences and Arts*, Vol. XIII., 1866. The attempt is made in a scientific manner to determine the mechanism of speech, and from observing accurately the process of articulating, to deduce first a definition and then the natural order and general classification of the vowel sounds. The author justly remarks in his preface, that "the matter is one which really concerns not only the specialists in phonology and professors of elocution, but every teacher who has aught to do with the training of the voice, either in the vernacular or in foreign tongues, and either in speech or in song. A complete and true system of the vowels is obviously essential as the basis for a course of vocal gymnastics, without which there can be no really thorough vocal training." The pamphlet is published in this city by B. Westermann & Co., and may be had for forty cents.

—In our third issue for January we called attention to a series of four articles then recently contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Emile de Laveleye, on "the Instruction of the People in the Nineteenth Century." We recommended the translation and reproduction of these articles in this country, "with suitable notes and additions,"

as likely to be "of great service to the cause of education." The suggestion, we are happy to have learned, was not only approved in many quarters, but by three at least of our State educational journals was adopted and almost carried out without previous concert. *The American Educational Monthly*, of this city, having got the start, will probably be the only one to persevere in the undertaking. In its May number the first instalment is given—that relating to America—in the English of Miss Osgood. No notes are appended, for only the introduction is reached, and that scarcely requires notes. We hope that they will not be neglected with what follows, which, by the way, should be dealt out rather more liberally, both in order to sustain the interest of the reader and to facilitate reference when completed. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 430 Broome Street, are the publishers of *The Monthly*.

#### RITTER'S GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE.\*

NATURALISTS are familiar with a class of animals called *anthozoa*, which propagate themselves by a process of germination or budding. The bud when sufficiently matured shoots off from the parent stem, with which it is identical in structure, and begins life as a new and distinct being. Other species of the same general type are reproduced by fissuration or artificial section, just as a plant is multiplied by slips. These phenomena of natural history illustrate the growth and individuation of science, the manner in which it is developed out of an amorphous aggregate of mere facts and becomes a well-defined and independent organism. It is by this individuality and organic unity that science is distinguished from mere knowledge. The materials out of which political economy, chemistry, physiology, and philology are constructed have existed as isolated facts for centuries; but these sciences are called *new* because it is only recently that their varied phenomena have been systematized and marshalled under law. It was thus that René Just Haüy and Malus revealed the mysteries of crystallography and the polarization of light. It was thus that Goethe discovered the beautiful morphological law which reduces all the organs of the plant to modifications of the leaf. It is thus, indeed, that the human mind proceeds in all its researches. It passes through two stages, observation and interpretation. It first learns, then philosophizes; first garners facts, then generalizes from them; and it is in this final process of sifting, systematizing, and organizing incoherent knowledges that consist the fascination and crowning triumph of scientific investigation. The old astrologists, in their zealous study of horoscopy and planetary influence, observed and recorded the wayward motions of the mocking stars for thousands of years before astronomy was possible. And what Copernicus did for the science of the heavens Ritter has done for the science of the earth.

The publication of his *Erdkunde von Asien* marks an important epoch in geographical study. In this great work the confused mass of unorganized details gathered from the accounts of travellers and historians of every age and country are collated, condensed, and scientifically grouped. The earth is here considered not merely in itself as a vast area of sea and land diversified by mountains and valleys, but also in its comical relations, in its influence upon men and nations as the great theatre of human life and human discipline. Geography thus studied is the true key to history and ethics. Between the physical features of a country and the mental and moral features of its inhabitants there exists a close and vital connection; national character is, in a great degree, the resultant of those so-called brute forces which, although not directly under man's control and sometimes destructive to individual happiness, are incontestably designed to preserve and perfect the race. The unbridled agencies of earth and air, which once brought only terror and death, have been changed by the progress of science into auxiliaries of life and made tributary to the largest growth of soul and character. Winds, mountains, rivers, and plains are not finalities, but ministers to man; they concern us only as they are related to his being and development, as they help him onward and give him new power to fulfil the purposes of his creation. To trace in history the influence of physical phenomena, to show how highlands and lowlands, river systems and the configuration of continents, tend to retard or promote human culture, to bind together isolated details and sporadic groups of facts into organic unity and refer them to some central principle or comprehensive law—such is the worthy task of the scientific geographer.

This intimate connection between land and people is especially apparent in the East among the patriarchal inhabitants of Palestine. Nowhere do we

find a closer communion of man with nature; nowhere have geographical conditions exerted a more decisive influence upon the history, religion, and thought of a nation; nowhere do we detect more evident workings of that "subtle but real organic power which the earth puts forth" in giving shape and character to those who dwell upon it. Yet important as is a correct knowledge of this country, which fills so large a place in the heart of the world, and around which cluster the most sacred associations of Christian, Jew, and even Mohammedan, the attainment of it is attended with peculiar difficulties. In ancient times Palestine was a land set apart. The theocratic idea upon which its government was based severed it as effectually from all sympathy and alliance with surrounding nations as its crags and gorges saved it from their rapacity. Consequently the most cultivated nations of antiquity knew little or nothing about it, and we must therefore depend upon its own meagre records and traditions for a knowledge of its early history. During the Middle Ages, monkish legends and absurd fables invented for the credulous ears of pilgrims overran the whole country and increased still more the sources of perplexity. This was especially true of Jerusalem; the masses of rubbish which bury the primitive foundations of the Holy City to the depth of thirty or forty feet do not contribute more to obscure its topography than the multitude of mediæval traditions with which all the sacred sites are overloaded. Of the thousands of tourists who have gone there in modern times and left records of their journeyings, many have looked at the Holy Land through the film of pious sentiment, and, instead of exact information, have given the reader what Tobler so happily characterizes as "a kind of baptized declamation;" very few indeed have brought to the task the scientific preparation and critical acumen so needful for the highest purposes of travel in a country like Palestine. It is evident, then, that if the biblical or archaeological student is to derive any benefit from the observations of tourists, their often conflicting reports must be subjected to the crucible of learning in order to determine what is pure gold and what is the mere dross of superstition.

This is what Ritter has done in the volume of which Mr. Gage now offers a translation and condensation to the American public. The original work has no doubt lost much of its scientific value by being thus narrowed down into a commentary on the Bible. The author did not write it with any such purpose in view. Yet, as the great majority of readers in America would be interested in it chiefly as illustrating the Scriptures, we think the editor fully justified in abridging it. The biblical scholar will find here a series of full and well-digested monographs on all the principal topics which he wishes to investigate. The editor's supplementary list of works, papers, and maps relating to the Holy Land which have been published since 1853 is by no means perfect, and is very far from doing justice to the American literature on the subject. Many valuable articles have appeared during the last fifteen years in *The North American Review*, *The Bibliotheca Sacra*, and other periodicals, to which no allusion is made. Such neglect is unpardonable in an American editor preparing a book for American readers. Besides, his catalogue contains some trash and no criticism; so that it is impossible for a person unacquainted with the works to discriminate between the useful and the worthless. We have also noticed occasional blunders and contradictions. In Volume II., p. 176, the round Lake Phiala is said to be "about an English mile in circumference;" on page 178 it has doubled its size and becomes "about two miles in circumference;" on page 179 "the lakelet is about three miles in circuit." This wonderful increase in dimensions reminds us of *Fulstaf's* story of the eleven men in buckram. Robinson thinks the lake is about a mile in diameter, and Thompson makes it three miles in circumference. Again, on page 210 "De Berton gives the depression of the surface of Lake Huleh as eighteen and a half feet below the level of the Mediterranean;" on page 226 "the water does not vary much from a hundred feet above the sea, or, according to De Berton, three hundred and twenty-two Paris feet." On page 14 of Volume IV. the map of Jerusalem prepared by Aldrich and Symonds and published by the English Government "is on a scale of four hundred English feet to a mile." We leave it to the reader to estimate the size of this map and to judge whether it is probable that such a map has ever been published outside of Brobdingnag. These volumes contain many defects of this kind in arithmetical calculations which it is not necessary to enumerate. Also, the process of abridgment (always a difficult one) has sometimes led to confusion and obscurity; and in some cases where authorities disagree the editor has taken upon himself to decide these controversies in an *ex cathedra* manner infinitely amusing to those who are familiar with the Holy Land from personal observation. But these errors and deficiencies are of minor importance. The work which Mr. Gage offers is of real and permanent value. We heartily thank him for it and willingly recommend it to our readers.

\* "The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula. By Carl Ritter. Translated and adapted to the use of Biblical Students by William L. Gage." D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1866. 4 vols. 8vo.



## M. CARLIER ON MARRIAGE IN AMERICA.\*

THE American husband, says M. Carlier, appreciates while still young the benefits of the married state; he recognizes the sanctity of the conjugal tie, early takes the obligation on himself, and refuses none of its duties. Yet how is it that his wife "is never the confidant of his intimate and real thoughts? With another the heart will overflow under grave and painful circumstances; at home it is hermetically sealed." Is it stoicism that causes this concealment which even the masonic married man of other lands finds it so difficult to maintain? "No; he is very impressive." But it is that he is sensitive; he wears a mask "with which he covers a real trouble that he would not have suspected." Yes, "his natural pride allows this supposition." However, it is true that this husband who habitually has secrets from the wife of his bosom, who evades her enquiries into the amount of his income-tax, who permits not that his pockets should be examined, is yet willing to render his wife, his companion, the preceptor of his children, the one he loves best, "marks of attachment during the short time that he can spare from the affairs of the community, of the parish, of the county, of the State, or of the Union, and most of all his own personal business."

As for the American wife, she, M. Carlier thinks, "is generally attached to her husband, the father of her children." She is faithful. For this there are two causes. "The first is *principle*; then there is the quiet life she is so often obliged to lead." She devotes herself to the cares of the house, a hard task in a country with such servants as there are in America, so independent, so capricious. "Moreover, this servant being almost always Irish, the antagonism of race is called forth, and the Celt takes a secret pleasure in obliging his American master to take his place by quitting him abruptly." It is therefore not wonderful that to escape the vexations of domestic life the family goes to a hotel or a boarding-house. There the wife forgets the domestic life; nothing is left of the domestic circle but the name; the husband and wife pursue each their own purposes.

As for the married that have a home, their life is twofold—a winter life and a summer life, for the American family goes into the country. "In the hot weather every lady wants to leave the country and to go to one of the numerous and immense hotels that are to be found at the sea-side or the springs." The summer life is full of pride, dissipation, lavish expenditure, and folly. And "this gay world which renders every one constantly conspicuous is relished all the more as the life in winter has been *triste* and monotonous." For in winter "the husband stays in the city to attend to his business or take part in politics, and does not visit his wife except at intervals, very much as a conservatory act to prevent proscription." What this last sad effect of American winter life is we do not know, but thus much is plain: the American son and daughter come to grief, to extravagance, namely, to flirtations, parties. "The young men easily fall into bad habits, the most frequent of which is drinking to excess."

One need not be surprised that married life in America is such as we have seen it to be. The beginning of it is bad. "The young American girls, it appears, very early take part in the reunions of which they together with the young men of their own age form, either exclusively or nearly so, the nucleus." So young are the component parts of the nucleus of the American reunion "that it has been very wittily said of these reunions that the cradles are the only things wanting." One attending them finds little of *esprit*; all is small-talk, but small-talk with a view of marriage. If you could see the bottom of these hearts, you would find in each self-interest. Often it happens that in the American reunion the young American girl meets and loves the young American man. Sometimes unforeseen obstacles prevent the union which the two project for themselves; for it is with the greatest reluctance that the young American girl pays to her mother that delicate deference in the matter of choosing a husband which is paid by the young French girl. Unforeseen obstacles, we will say, prevent the projected union; unaccustomed to restraint, unable to cope with this strange resistance of circumstances, the young girl is crushed. "Then what ravages do we not see in her feelings, spirits, heart! There remains only perfect indifference to life and bitter scorn for society." The reunion failing, there are the watering-places, England, the springs, at which the young American girl seeks a husband. And are there not also the primitive settlements of the West? of which M. Carlier remarks that, wives being scarce there, "the gloom and languor which pervade these sections can hardly be described." They advertise for wives; in May, 1857, the *Iowa Reporter* published an appeal to the women of all lands to immigrate and be married. But, without going West, there is also elopement with the teacher of accomplishments. "In this intimate intercourse, where the teacher seeks to awaken in his pupil the

sense of the beautiful, it is so easy to make an indirect appeal to the heart, to vanity, or to weakness of any kind. . . . The language (French?), which itself gives to the art a seductive fascination and which he uses as no other," helps the teacher to persuade to clandestine marriage the young American girl, who, to tell all the bad things about her at once, also has a weakness for titles, and sometimes goes away to be married to a foreign nobleman of doubtful character and, perhaps, of doubtful birth and station. The elopement with the "teacher of accomplishments" M. Carlier admits to be rare, but the newspapers of every State, he adds, will show that such occurrences do take place.

Then the marriage ceremony: an obscure justice of the peace can celebrate it; the want of formality is shocking. In Maine, a conductor—too busy, we suggest, saying "Go ahead!" to be particular about wedding formalities—invited his betrothed and a minister into a car, and while the train was in motion was married; leaving that station a bachelor, at this station he was a married man! "It is but one of a thousand examples of life as it goes in this fast country." In Virginia, in 1855, a minister standing on one side of an unfordable stream married a couple who stood on the other bank and shouted the responses across the stream. In Massachusetts a clergyman married a couple and united with them in a written protest against the injustice of the marriage laws of that State.

On the whole, if anybody is solicitous to defend the Yankee nation against the charge of being thin-skinned, he may truly urge that the skin of no other nation, ancient or modern, was ever in the first tender years of its existence so thoroughly sandpapered as ours has been. The process began when the Federal Constitution was forming, and this little book, the latest published though not the latest written of those works of travellers who scarify us—not dilate on our cathedrals or pyramids or picture-galleries, but scarify us—was issued only the other day. Let us not, however, do injustice even to so slight an essay as this of M. Carlier's. He says some absurd things, on some of which we have laid too much stress, perhaps, but he also tells us plainly, if not very forcibly, what was known before, that the marriage and divorce laws in the United States badly need revision. That he has very probably given those Frenchmen who have read his book an inadequate and often incorrect account of married life among us, we need not resent as if it were of great importance to us, and need not be surprised at his failure to do in a brief essay what a much abler man might fail to accomplish within the compass of a large book. The reader will find the book not a valuable one, but if his attention has been turned to the subject-matter of it by Mr. Dixon's recent work he will find it worth glancing over. The translator has done his work clumsily as regards the manner of it, but seems to have succeeded in generally giving his author's meaning.

## HOW TO GET RICH.\*

SOME acute genius once published a calculation by which it appeared that if Adam had been the man he ought to have been, and had put out at compound interest a farthing or a penny or some such trifling coin which he might easily have spared from his daily expenditure, it would long before this time have amounted to a sum exceeding in value the worth of a solid ball of refined gold equal in size to the earth on which we live. But we doubt it. If our first parent had been so provident, we may be sure that when Seth and the other heirs came into their property, say after eight hundred years of compound interest, there would have been an end to the increase. To say nothing of litigation set on foot by Cain—and a chancery suit lasting three or four of those lifetimes would have been awfully expensive—the other heirs never could have resisted the temptation to circulate so nice a plum. And even if the antediluvian patriarchs—among whom the law that after a saver comes a spender perhaps had not begun to operate—had been prudent enough to leave the penny to undisturbed growth, and if it had survived the deluge, still when Noah came to make that will of which Eusebius speaks—an instrument signed with his name and regularly sealed, by which he portioned out the earth among his sons—then, at any rate, if not before, the fund must have been broken in upon. As Dr. Nott, of Mobile, a very political economist, could convincingly show any enquirer, Ham and Canaan at least would have insisted on at once seizing and squandering their share of the common patrimony, and, after lying on their backs in the sun till it disappeared, would immediately, in monstrous defiance of common decency, have revived the horrors of St. Domingo, and got hold of all the rest of it in the social and chronological confusion.

Indeed, we may as well leave to the doctor the further pursuit of this

\* "Marriage in the United States. Auguste Carlier. Translated from the French by B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D." 16mo, pp. 179. Boston: De Vries, Ibarra & Co.; New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

\* "How to Make Money and How to Keep It. By Thomas A. Davies." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.; London: S. Low, Son & Co.

profitable subject, and shall say no more about it—no more than this, that in most books which attempt to teach the art of making a fortune there is to be discerned something of that impractical subjection to the rules of arithmetic which set the genius above-mentioned upon framing his scheme or theory, or whatever one likes to call it. Writers of such works are apt to exact of the millionaire *in posse* a foresight which is the gift of few, and an ability in the management of capital which is the gift of still fewer, and they presuppose other conditions favorable to the growth of wealth which practically are about as far out of the region of the possibilities as for Adam to have had, first, a surplus income, and, second, a five-cents savings-bank in which to deposit it. The book before us—a far better book than its somewhat catch-penny title would lead one to suppose—is not wholly free from the fault we speak of. For example, Mr. Davies tells us of two hypothetical servant girls, one civil, industrious, and careful; the other (not altogether so hypothetical) inattentive, careless of her employer's interests, anxious only to get her wages and give the least possible work in return. By and by one of the two is to be discharged and one retained at a higher rate of pay for her increased labor. Of course the one a little better than her place is the one kept, and her next year's wages in money amount to \$120, of which \$80 are saved. The other is out of work for three months, and when she finds a place gets for her year's wages in money \$54, out of which the three months' board has to be paid, so that she can save nothing. "Let us look," says Mr. Davies when he reaches this point, "let us look what this \$80 will accumulate to, if put in a savings institution and improved at compound interest at six per cent., when she arrives at fifty years of age." The answer is \$469 40. Here he begins to sail straight away from the average servant girl. But he is not done yet; he never is done till he asks a second question of this sort. Suppose she had accumulated the same amount of \$80 each year till she was fifty years old, how much would her savings amount to in that case? By this time the average servant girl is hull down, barely visible on the horizon. The tables, of which there is profusion at the end of the book, show that in that case the hypothetical servant girl would be servant no more, but mistress of \$6,329 47. The actual servant girl would, we fear, be the mother of seven or eight children and the wife of a husband who would need her help in paying the house bills.

But there is more, an immense deal more, than most men think who most need to think on the ways and means of securing their age against poverty, in the author's plans for making us all well off. The method which we have detailed he carries into the life of the mechanic, the shopkeeper, the clerk, the professional man, and in plain language, with every effort to make himself intelligible, he shows how very many men and women who are probably doomed to live from hand to mouth as long as they live at all, and to be buried at their friends' charges, might with great ease make themselves independent. Besides this the book contains one or two excellent chapters—of course we have in mind the general reader—on "life insurance," one on "banking and insurance," chapters on "investments" and "how money is lost," which show how much more knowledge and ability is required to keep money than to make it; a chapter on "brokerage and commission," on "retail merchandising," on "clerks," on "apprentices," on "the seeds of fortunes," and other kindred topics. There are plenty of crudities in the work. Of course the author of it, *quid* author, supposes man's chief good and final end to be the making of money, and his object is to show how, by saving and working and being civil and honest and good, but mainly, after all, by close saving and safe investment, any healthy man in this country may, before he dies and leaves everything, become rich, or at all events put himself above the need of poverty. But, on the whole, it is a book that we should not be sorry to see in the hands of every young man in the United States. We think it would be well for the country if this were so. One need not go so far as to say with a certain voluminous historian that Rome fell because she had not developed a good banking system, but one may say that no nation in the past ever was great, and still less will any nation in the future ever be great, unless possessed of the book-keeping virtues. Mr. Davies, then, even if his exaltation of the ledger and the bank account and the life insurance policy is a trifle too absolute, may be said to have deserved well of his country, having done something towards the making of "well-to-do" citizens, who are generally good citizens.

#### THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

THERE is nothing but has its uses. A woman who habitually attends auctions became the other day what we may call an instrument of mercy. She told us that the Grover & Baker sewing machine was seen in auction rooms far less often than any of its rivals. We heard her with delight. Not that we love Grover & Baker above other men, but for a moment

we got a glimpse of one fixed spot, as we thought, in the midst of a weltering chaos. For years we had been victims of the sewing-machine muddle—that incertitude aggravated by certificates. Circulars and advertisements by the million had been perpetually renewing and perpetually destroying our faith in this or that, or this other or that other particular machine. To refuse to believe the letter, written, without solicitation, by the clergyman's wife, which we read on Monday, seemed not possible until Tuesday, when the widow of a well-known clergyman wrote, unsolicited, a better letter for the best machine ever made—previously to Wednesday, when it appeared that seven States had awarded each a first prize to another machine which, however, we learned on Thursday had failed in a certain family of our acquaintance. Shortly, however, the fixed spot resolved itself into blind atoms; we learned that the machine owned by our informant was a Grover & Baker, so her usefulness remains to be proved, and we warn all persons against buying a Grover & Baker on the strength of her recommendation merely. Mr. Parton has surely earned the thanks of the world at large for bringing some order into all this direful confusion. His history of the sewing machine given in this month's *Atlantic* is one of his most workmanlike articles, clear, honest, and marked by that quality of readableness which in this case is the smooth result of laborious investigation that would have confused a narrator less able and less practised.

Having read "The Guardian Angel," one would say that the lion of Puritanism must indeed be dead. Dr. Holmes devotes himself in this instalment of his story to the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, and rejoices and triumphs and insults over that inflammable man of straw in a way with which the world has become quite familiar. We learn, too, that Miss Cynthia Badlam, a member in good standing, is the mother of the founding twins. Byles Gridley, A.M., shows his remarkable aptitude for managing delicate affairs by walking into the room of the infatuated Myrtle Hazard and informing her that Mr. Stoker, her revered pastor, is making love to her, and is always making love to pretty women. Dr. Holmes's wit, however, occasionally crops out, we were going to say, through all this rather dreary flippancy. On the whole, it is more accurate to say that in these chapters of his novel his flippancy occasionally rises into wittiness. As, for example, when old Mrs. Hopkins says, "I don't want to say anything against women, Mr. Gridley; but women are women."

In "Some Unappreciated Characters" Mr. Hazewell indulges himself, after the fashion that De Quincey made so effective in his essays, in a game of "high jinks," and manages particularly well the case of Xanthippe. It is a sort of writing that it is easy to get enough of, and perhaps the sack is in excess of the bread in this instance. "Oldport in Winter" is a fine specimen of the very pleasant style of one of our most finished and agreeable essayists. Who will dispute Mr. Higginson's rechristening of Newport after hearing this scrap from the court reports of that town: "An old fisherman testified in our police court the other day, in narrating the progress of a street quarrel: 'Then I called him 'Polly Carter'—that's his grandmother; and he called me 'Susy Reynolds'—that's my aunt that's dead and gone.'" Mr. Higginson remarks truly that "their very disputes have a flavor of longevity, and involve the reputation of female relatives to the third or fourth generation."

By calling at this office Mr. Whipple may hear of a person who has "the audacity to doubt the existence and reality" of Mr. Boffin, for example. Mr. Whipple's essay on "The Genius of Dickens" shows appreciation of the great novelist's merits, and a sense of his shortcomings, but is not a wholly satisfactory estimate of Dickens's genius. We understand Mr. Whipple to say that Dickens fails of being a great master of characterization not because of his exaggerations in representing—for we see that no one has the audacity to deny the existence and reality of Micawber, Tapley, Boffin, Gamp, Weller, and the rest—but because to be a great master of characterization one must be of a great nature, and must as an artist deal with great natures. Fielding did not deal with great natures, nor even wholly with universal types, but he is a master of characterization; so is Smollett; so is Scott, who dealt with the common stuff of human nature; Lowell has produced two of the most lifelike figures in contemporary fiction, and they are Birdofredum Sawin and Hosea Biglow, men of every New England village. The fact is that if, as Mr. Whipple says, the common objection to Dickens's claim to be considered a master of characterization, an inventor of characters, is a superficial objection, it is superficial only because it is made against his manner merely, while a writer's manner is really of his nature, the man himself. Superficial or not, it is true, what the popular voice objects against Dickens as a creator of characters, that he caricatures; his Micawberism incarnated in Micawber, his fleshification of jolly good humor in Mark Tapley, his other vivid impersonations of single traits, of abstractions, of phrases, are not characters in any true sense of the word.



That they are so vivid, so vivid that we have just said "Micawberism incarnated in Micawber" as a perfectly intelligible way of conveying our meaning, in no way militates against the common opinion that they are unreal, unreal as Mephistopheles for instance. But this subject cannot be treated within these limits.

"The Custom of Burial with the Head towards the East" is a discursive and, of course, inconclusive essay on a passage in Cymbeline:

"Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east.  
My father hath a reason for't."

The author guesses that the Britons may have learned the practice from the Druids, and that these latter may have brought it from India. Incidentally he speaks of a custom obtaining among the negroes of South Carolina of turning the bed of a sick man so that when he dies he may face the East, and the author conjectures that perhaps at the root of the custom is the memory that to the eastward is the cradle of their race. We conjecture that perhaps a certain religious superstition of which we have heard South Carolina negroes speak may have had something to do with it. From some "rice nigger," as the negroes of the rice country call themselves, we have heard that hell lies in the West, and that it is not good to look at the sunset. And we believe it is told of our Saxon ancestors that they accounted for the evening redness of the sun by saying that he then is looking into the abode of the departed. "The Plaintiff Nonsuited" is a lively story, a little out of *The Atlantic's* line. "Germany in New York" Mr. Shanly describes well. Mr. Winwood Reade makes a very good paper about "The Heroes of Central Africa," and is particularly interesting when he tells us of Captain Burton, the great traveller. "Katharine Morne," after dreadful agonies of doubt and hesitation, all which she might have saved herself, for we could have told her long ago that she was coming to it, at last marries the cultivated Dudley and ends her story. The poetry of the number consists of some agreeable verses on various topics. The book notices are perhaps not quite so good as usual, and the advertising miscellany is overpowering. To bait the publisher's hook with Emerson, a part of whose "May Day" is given, is a stroke of advertising genius.

*Hours at Home* has another Siamese article by the Rev. George B. Bacon, who might do worse than write a bookful of these entertaining sketches of a country unvisited by Bayard Taylor or other tourists, and so well worth visiting. Dr. Philip Schaff lays before the American reader a new "Stabat Mater"—"Stabat Mater Speciosa"—the joyful companion, newly discovered, of the mournful "Stabat Mater Dolorosa." Dr. Schaff gives both the Latin and the English translation of it made by the late Dr. Neale. Mr. Eugene Schuyler introduces to us Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, the Bourdaloue of Russia, the man who drew up the act by which Alexander II. emancipated the serfs. He is the man, too, who was bold enough to refuse when Nicholas requested him to consecrate a certain triumphal arch decorated with Renaissance figures of heathen gods, but with no Christian symbols. When Nicholas ordered him to perform the ceremony, Philaret replied, "You are not Peter the Great," for which contumacy Nicholas paid him off by keeping him out of the Holy Synod, the convocation which governs the Russian Church. Philaret's orations and works, Mr. Schuyler thinks, reveal clearly that element in the religious mind of Russia which makes the talked-of union of the Eastern and Western Churches a chimera—namely, thoroughgoing mysticism. But, to judge by the extracts given us, a majority of the Christians of the West are as "mystical" as Philaret. Mr. Spurgeon prays against the cattle plague as fervently as the bishops, and the Metropolitan of Moscow does nothing more or different when he declares that prayer saved Russia in the Crimean War. But the question of the union of the Eastern and Western Churches is as far as possible from being a practical one. When the union does come we imagine that not the excess of Russian spirituality but of Russian grossness will put difficulties in the way of our Western materialism. The article is an interesting one, and there is, probably, no American writer nearly so competent to treat of Russian matters as Mr. Schuyler.

*Harper's* for May is pretty dull; though Mr. M. D. Conway writes, in the style which ought to turn newspaper correspondents green with envy and jealousy, a good article about Disraeli and the reform demonstration of February 11. Miss Kate Field, who has saved her best wine till the last—we presume it is the last—tells in her "Ristori" all about the Spanish soldier, condemned to death, whose life the great actress begged of Marshal Narvaez and the Queen. "Crete" may help the public to understand better the revolution in that island, and, like most other articles on this subject, is not very full of enthusiasm for the Cretans, but, like most of the others, does not tell clearly just the weight of misery that the Cretans are trying to escape from. Dr. Osgood goes through his "New Aspects of American

Thought" with the utmost gravity. "The Editor's Easy Chair," for a wonder, is rather dull. Articles not mentioned above are "The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior" (illustrated); "The Dodge Club, or Italy in MDCCCLIX." (illustrated); more of General Strothers's "Personal Recollections of the War" (illustrated), and these are always good of their kind; "The Five-pins;" "Good Manners," etc. "The Impending Checkmate" we present as a case of petty larceny with aggravating circumstances, the picture being English, and the poetry, one of the prettiest of Owen Meredith's pieces, is stolen bodily and no credit given the author.

*The Catholic World* has twenty-two articles original and selected. The original are: "An Old Quarrel," which examines the philosophy of the Middle Ages with reference to the question of the reality of ideas; "Father Ignatius of St. Paul," which tells readably the story of the Hon. George Spencer's life as a Passionist; "The Lady of La Garaye," a review of Mrs. Norton's poem of that name; "Mercersburg Philosophy," which appears to be a mild form of Puseyism; and some critical notices of new books. Of the selected articles, readers will find the one on "Medieval Universities" worth reading and preserving.

*Knowledge is Power. A View of the Productive Forces of Modern Society, and the Results of Labor, Capital, and Skill.* By Charles Knight. Revised and edited, with additions, by David A. Wells, A.M. Illustrated. (Gould & Lincoln, Boston.)—We judge that the plates from which this book was first printed in 1856 were used without alteration in the present edition—at least we meet no reference to the dates between, and although there is a well-calculated prophecy as to what an Atlantic Cable might do for us, the sewing machine is not described among labor-saving inventions, nor its almost providential adaptation to the necessities of our late war employed as an illustration of the author's argument. It requires a rather steady head to preserve one's nationality in reading, owing to the alternate predominance of Mr. Knight and Mr. Wells, of English and American currency and statistics, and the not infrequent confusion of both. Nevertheless, we are glad of the reprint, and shall hope its success may warrant a still further revision. The central thought or motive of the book is to explain in a familiar way the axioms of political economy, to show that skill increases with the increase of knowledge, and to remove the prejudices against the multiplication of machinery by proving the enormous advantages derived, by the laboring classes especially, from inventions which threatened and sometimes effected the ruin of a few. The chapters which are occupied with this last endeavor are full of interesting information concerning a great variety of arts and manufactures, and can hardly fail to attract and edify the young, according to Mr. Knight's praiseworthy desire. His audience, however, is manifestly the working-men, who, if they will examine what he has to say to them, will count him among their friendliest advisers. We should like to see a copy of this work in the possession or within the reach of every mill-hand or other artisan in the country, and the employer who shall undertake to provide his people in this manner may omit the Christmas charity of the factory turkey. It must be added that the question of free-trade *versus* protection is not discussed in these pages.

*The Last Days of a King.* An historical romance. By Maurice Hartmann. Translated from the German by M. E. Niles. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)—It is the misfortune not of the author but of the country with which he has chosen to deal that so many of his characters are killed off without regard to conventional taste or to the feelings of the reader. But in Corsica, the native haunt of the *vendetta*, one must be prepared for bloody surprises and internecine retaliation in an endless and ever renewing series. The monarch whose last days are here described is Joachim Murat, King of Naples, the Sheridan of the generals of Bonaparte, whose sister he married. He is not, however, as he was meant to be, of central interest in the story, but rather the Corsican character, which shone for a moment in his defence. In him there was not stuff in his declining fortune to make a hero of. Nevertheless, a fair idea is given of the man and of his distinguishing traits, his humanity, amiability, superstitious hopefulness, vanity, indecision; and the incidents of his stay in Corsica and the ill-starred expedition against Naples, being borrowed from Coletta and Franceschetti, are historically trustworthy. A glimpse of the king at the time when the Allies persuaded him to join them against his brother-in-law is to be found in the sixth chapter of Mme. Récamier's "Memoirs;" and in chapters iii., vii., xiii., and xiv. his wife appears as the very affectionate and unaffected friend of the brilliant Frenchwoman. A much more artistic story of Corsican life—though perhaps not more curious nor more real—is one entitled "Colomba," which was published in Boston several years ago, but was received with undeserved indifference by the public.

*The Holy Bible. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré.* Parts IV.—XIV. (New York: Walter Low, 1867.)—In No. 72 of the third volume of *THE NATION* we said of Doré, "that thought of his cannot be found which will harmonize with the thought of a poet. His work shows no sympathy with pathetic or quiet or delicate feeling. But as far as energy and dash and power of rapid and changeable designs, and a real delight in and feeling for the ghastly can lift an artist, so high M. Doré has attained." An artist of this kind will hardly make a satisfactory pictorial Bible. We have only to say that these new numbers, as they come out confirm us in our opinion previously expressed, that M. Doré's powers are great, and that they are greatly misapplied and make a decided failure in illustrating the Bible.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### HOW A WAR IN EUROPE WOULD CONCERN US.

A DISSOLUTE King of Holland is persuaded by an extravagant French mistress to offer a triangle of territory as large as a New York county for sale to the Emperor Napoleon for a round sum in cash. Mr. Von Bismark, a sturdy, resolute, big-brained, clear-headed German, who, by giving practical expression to the long-time vain dream of a United Fatherland, has laid the whole German nation spell-bound at the feet of King William of Prussia, protests against the sale. Forthwith the "promises to pay" of the United States of North America fall five per cent. in value in the great money centres of Europe, gold rises in New York ten per cent. in a fortnight—thirteen per cent. higher than it stood on May 11, 1865, Wall Street is in a fever, specie payments seem put off again *ad infinitum*, and the real value of every paper dollar in the United States is diminished by seven cents. Why is it?

There is a law of social science, commonly called the law of the solidarity of nations, to this effect: the loss of one people is the loss of all peoples; the gain of one nation is the gain of all nations; no nation can benefit at the expense of another without ultimate loss to correspond; no people can lose heavily without all other peoples combining to repair its loss. This law is so totally opposed to all ordinary notions about the character of peoples and individuals, and its action is at times so difficult to trace, that it is generally the last law that the student of social science is willing to subscribe to; indeed, some never subscribe to it at all. But it is, nevertheless, truly a law.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves and prevented the export of cotton, English ships and warehouses and manufactories and manufacturers' depots at all ends of the world were so full of cotton and cotton goods that but for our war half Lancashire, and London too, would have been bankrupt. The outbreak of our war doubled the value of every pound of cotton and every yard of cloth; and good, wise Cobden could rise in his seat in the House of Commons and deprecatingly remark that "Lancashire spinners could scarcely be blamed for wanting the war continued, as it had put £80,000,000 sterling in their pockets." That does not seem like an illustration of the law of solidarity. But mark what follows. First, the Lancashire famine, with 300,000 dependents upon public charity; next, the question what to do with this sudden accession of wealth. The result was the wildest speculation, fabulous investments in all corners of the world, especially in cotton culture, 1,200 new companies with limited liability formed in one year, two or three years of financial rioting, and a few weeks of panic last spring, staggering all England with a blow from which she has not yet recovered.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves, England was sending 50 or 60 millions of dollars a year to East India for cotton. When the Southern ports were blockaded, England had to send 100 and 120 millions of dollars a year to the East Indies for so much more cotton. Then the people of India rolled in wealth, the Parsee merchants bound their carriage wheels with silver tires, and buried jar after jar filled with Mexican silver dollars and American double eagles, and prayed that peace might never come to the Yankee fools. That does not look like an illustration of the law of solidarity; perhaps not. But the law is true, nevertheless. For the fields that raised all the cotton that brought this wondrous wealth had formerly borne rice, and then food was cheap. Now food was daily growing dearer, until a sudden drouth struck famine into whole kingdoms, just when England no longer wanted all the cotton, and then by the side of the cotton bales and the buried coin-jars there fell 300,000 poor starved wretches, and lay unburied.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves, they naturally destroyed much property. We have more than once shown that they did destroy much more than they made, and became

thereby much poorer. The last year's census of twenty-one States, of which we have the figures, shows the taxable property in those States to have diminished during the war from 7,200 millions in gold valuation to 6,700 millions in currency valuation, a diminution of at least 2,000 millions of dollars in gold. As fast as we destroyed, the peoples of Europe were glad to sell us at a profit whatever they could furnish to replace the loss, and waxed rich and richer thereby, and hoped the war would never cease. But when pay-day came we were, as is apt to be the case with extravagant people, altogether unready, and the people in Europe to whom we owed said, You need not pay us now; we will give you twenty years' time, and perhaps we shall not want the money even then; you can pay us interest meanwhile. In this way those in Europe who had profited by our troubles really lent us their property for an indefinite time to repair our losses by the war, and took from us our "promises to pay."

This is the way in which our promises to pay come to be bought and sold at the European exchanges, and the fact that their price and the price of gold in Wall Street are affected by the quarrels of European princes, is only another illustration of the same law of the solidarity of nations. It may prove a question of no little importance to us in what way a war between France and Prussia would affect our finances.

The first effect of war in all countries is to impel governments, corporations, and individuals to possess themselves as much as possible of the *nervus rerum*—ready cash. The United States are one of the great sources of supply. Can we be forced to part with our specie? Of course, if our merchants were indebted to merchants in Europe and the European merchants not indebted to us, there is no doubt we should have to send specie in payment of our debts. But an extensive enquiry among importing merchants convinces us that the amount of due or nearly due indebtedness to Europe is at this moment unusually light, a very large portion of the heavy importations of this spring consisting of consignments remaining unsold, and the balance being mainly already paid for. We are not, therefore, likely to witness an important drain of specie in settlement of commercial indebtedness.

The only other means of drawing specie from us is the return of our bonds. Without entering now upon a discussion of the question how far a war in Europe will ultimately increase the demand for our securities, we see that the first effect of the fear of war is to cause large amounts of them to be sent from the Continent to England for sale against gold. It is self-evident that as long as our bonds can be sold in England or any other part of Europe for a better price in gold than they will bring by being shipped here, they will be sold in Europe. The price in gold that bonds will bring in this market depends upon their currency price here and upon the premium on gold. A war in Europe does not in itself present any contingencies likely to affect the currency price of our bonds, and we may, therefore, safely say that the price which our bonds sent here from Europe will bring in gold depends exclusively upon the currency premium in gold. The present premium upon gold is based entirely upon the stock of gold now in the country. Any diminution or prospect of diminution in this stock would immediately advance the price in proportion—and so well is this understood by all Wall Street, that the price is now, and has been for ten days past, regulated entirely by the London price of our bonds, and has been held at a point at which bonds cannot be imported from Europe at a profit, or, in other words, at a point at which there is no probability of the stock being reduced by heavy shipments.

Last year the pressure of public and private opinion upon the Secretary of the Treasury forced him, against his own better judgment, it is believed, to sell large amounts of gold, and thus depress the price. It is notorious that during the whole of last year's panic in Europe it was, in consequence of the low price of gold, a highly profitable operation to bring bonds here for sale and ship the coin against them. To such a point was this carried that we actually sent more gold over than Europe required, so that a large part of it was sent back in September and October, in payment of the very bonds returned in May and June. The utter folly of this course is too well understood now to permit its repetition to be for one moment thought of. Nothing is, therefore, likely to be done by the Government this time to make it a safe and profitable operation for foreign nations to drain us of our coin, and defer again for an unlimited period our return to specie payments. It



seems, then, not unreasonable to assume that, in case of actual war, or of continued fear of war, the price of gold here will continue to rule at or near a point at which our bonds cannot be imported from Europe at a profit.

But, apart from any security thus afforded us against the return of our bonds by the advance in gold, we believe that after the first panic our bonds will not only not suffer a very material or permanent decline, but that, on the contrary, the fact of our being comparatively uninfluenced by the war itself will cause our securities to be sought after in preference to those of any European government.

We furthermore believe that in case of a war between two such powerful nations as France and Germany, which would, financially and commercially, involve almost every nation of Europe, we should see a repetition of our experience of war in its influence on one financial movement. During the first year of our war the people of the United States withdrew from banks and hoarded over 80 millions of gold, in addition to the sums already in circulation before the war began. If this experience should repeat itself among the less well-informed peoples of Europe, no bank in Europe would be able to stand the drain.

We might then see the banks of England and France undergo the same fate as our banks in 1861, and, after a period of financial disturbance, see their specie come here for safe-keeping, as ours went to Europe in 1862 and 1863. We might then see ourselves reaping the same harvests on sea and on land that the European peoples reaped during our war, and praying that their wars might never end. But remembering the great law of the solidarity of nations, let us rather hope that, by the wisdom of rulers and the patience of people, peace may yet be preserved, as we have no doubt it will be, in spite of the threatening aspect of things, and that many years may pass before that great messenger of peace, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, be again perverted to purposes of strife and suffering.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S OVERTHROW.

THE late defeat of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons is likely to exercise sufficient influence on English politics and on Mr. Gladstone's fortunes to merit a clearer explanation of it than has yet been given on this side of the water.

The "dual vote," that is, the provision by which a man who paid income-tax, or, in other words, a man of the middle or upper classes, was endowed with an extra vote, while the poor man who had only the house qualification and did not pay income-tax had only one, which was the most obnoxious feature of Mr. Disraeli's bill, was abandoned by him almost as soon as the opposition attacked it. It was so clearly an attempt to retain the real power in the hands of the present holders while nominally admitting the working-men to a share in it, and was so well calculated to excite intense class hostility, that it had to be given up the moment attention was called to it.

The great question which then divided the ministry from the opposition was this: Mr. Disraeli's bill, as it now stands, proposes to establish what is in reality household suffrage in a modified form; that is, to give every householder a vote who has resided in a borough two years, and has personally paid his poor-rates, or tax for the support of the poor. Now, this excludes a very large class who are what is called "compound householders," or persons who, instead of paying their poor-rate directly, pay it through their landlord. There was so much trouble and expense incurred in collecting the rate from the occupiers of small tenements that an act was passed some years ago enabling parish vestries, by which the rate is struck and collected, to require the landlord to pay the rate due on all his property in one round sum, allowing him a deduction of twenty-five per cent. for his trouble, and authorizing him to repay himself by an addition to the rent. Some parishes avail themselves of the act—about 5,000 in all—and others do not; so that in many of the large towns the people living on one side of the street are "compound householders," paying their poor-rate with their rent, while those on the other side are direct rate-payers themselves. To the latter Mr. Disraeli's bill gives the franchise on the simple production of the tax receipt and proof of residence; to the former it only gives it on condition of their assuming themselves the

payment of the rate, and thus sacrificing the twenty-five per cent. deduction which is obtained by paying through the landlord.

Mr. Gladstone objected to this as in the first place establishing unequal suffrage, and leaving the distribution of the franchise to be regulated in effect by the arbitrary action of parish vestries, inasmuch as in a parish in which the Small Tenements Act was adopted the poor-rate payers would have to submit to a fine in order to vote, while in the adjacent parish the non-adoption of the act would throw the franchise open to every householder, and he showed that the practical working of the bill would, in many of the large towns, shut out large bodies of the intelligent artisans; in many of the small ones admit the corrupt, ignorant, and very poor wholesale. He therefore proposed, by means of what is called an "instruction" to the Committee of the Whole House, to substitute for Mr. Disraeli's qualification a uniform rate, giving the franchise to all occupiers of holdings rated to the poor at the annual value of five pounds. Many of his followers took alarm at this. They said that if they voted for this amendment they would seem to their constituents to be voting for the establishment once more of an arbitrary line, such as had marred the Reform bill of 1832, making a man's right to the vote depend on the value of his house, and not, as it ought, to depend on his intelligence and share in bearing the public burdens. It might be that a low qualification of this sort would really at once admit a far larger number of persons to vote than Mr. Disraeli's qualification; but it would not seem so to the constituencies, and its adoption by the Liberals would certainly do much to postpone any further extension of the suffrage, while Mr. Disraeli's more elastic measure would be pretty sure to lead the way before long to something better.

Accordingly, forty-eight Liberal members, belonging mainly to the Radical wing of the party, held a meeting in the "tea-room" of the House of Commons, and resolved to refuse to support Mr. Gladstone's "instruction," and went in a body and told him of their determination. With that irresolution which is born of his conscientiousness, of his extreme respect for the opinions of the minority, and of that self-distrust by which so many noble natures are half paralyzed, he gave way and abandoned the "instruction." From that moment the Liberal party was disorganized. Discipline and unity were gone, and when he moved in the Committee of the Whole House the simple amendment that all rate-payers should have the franchise, whether they paid the rate personally or through their landlord, the result was already foreshadowed. The half-hearted, who have all along wanted to shirk all reform, joined the malcontents in deserting him, and he was beaten on a division by a majority of twenty, to the huge delight of the Tories.

His position out of doors is so strong, his hold on the popular heart so firm; he brings to every discussion not only such a trained, comprehensive, and subtle intellect, and such a flood of eloquence, but so much of that fire of earnest conviction and of honest human sympathy which are daily becoming somewhat scarcer amongst professional politicians all over the world, that there is no likelihood that any successor for him will ever be found by the Liberals. He towers head and shoulders above all other men in their ranks. But it is certain that his difficulties during the remainder of his career will be increased tenfold by what has just happened, for he has proved himself wanting in that faith in himself which, low a quality as it may seem, is the first requisite of any man who seeks, either in war or peace, to be followed faithfully and trusted implicitly by others.

#### "THE GENIAL CRITIC."

WE receive occasional remonstrances on what is considered the severity of our reviews of books from the friends of what is known as "genial criticism," that is, of praise with just enough faint censure in it to make it seem that the writer is really balancing defects against excellences. Under the shelter of this "genial criticism" there has grown up a great crop of pretenders in all walks of literature and science, who deluge the country every year with their books, and secure a ready sale for them, to the great depravation of the public taste and to the great hindrance of real scholars, real poets, and real scientific men. We have endeavored to the best of our ability to do something to check this evil by providing a channel in which men of real culture may say what they honestly think about the

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### HOW A WAR IN EUROPE WOULD CONCERN US.

A DISSOLUTE King of Holland is persuaded by an extravagant French mistress to offer a triangle of territory as large as a New York county for sale to the Emperor Napoleon for a round sum in cash. Mr. Von Bismark, a sturdy, resolute, big-brained, clear-headed German, who, by giving practical expression to the long-time vain dream of a United Fatherland, has laid the whole German nation spell-bound at the feet of King William of Prussia, protests against the sale. Forthwith the "promises to pay" of the United States of North America fall five per cent. in value in the great money centres of Europe, gold rises in New York ten per cent. in a fortnight—thirteen per cent. higher than it stood on May 11, 1865, Wall Street is in a fever, specie payments seem put off again *ad infinitum*, and the real value of every paper dollar in the United States is diminished by seven cents. Why is it?

There is a law of social science, commonly called the law of the solidarity of nations, to this effect: the loss of one people is the loss of all peoples; the gain of one nation is the gain of all nations; no nation can benefit at the expense of another without ultimate loss to correspond; no people can lose heavily without all other peoples combining to repair its loss. This law is so totally opposed to all ordinary notions about the character of peoples and individuals, and its action is at times so difficult to trace, that it is generally the last law that the student of social science is willing to subscribe to; indeed, some never subscribe to it at all. But it is, nevertheless, truly a law.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves and prevented the export of cotton, English ships and warehouses and manufactories and manufacturers' depots at all ends of the world were so full of cotton and cotton goods that but for our war half Lancashire, and London too, would have been bankrupt. The outbreak of our war doubled the value of every pound of cotton and every yard of cloth; and good, wise Cobden could rise in his seat in the House of Commons and deprecatingly remark that "Lancashire spinners could scarcely be blamed for wanting the war continued, as it had put £80,000,000 sterling in their pockets." That does not seem like an illustration of the law of solidarity. But mark what follows. First, the Lancashire famine, with 300,000 dependents upon public charity; next, the question what to do with this sudden accession of wealth. The result was the wildest speculation, fabulous investments in all corners of the world, especially in cotton culture, 1,200 new companies with limited liability formed in one year, two or three years of financial rioting, and a few weeks of panic last spring, staggering all England with a blow from which she has not yet recovered.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves, England was sending 50 or 60 millions of dollars a year to East India for cotton. When the Southern ports were blockaded, England had to send 100 and 120 millions of dollars a year to the East Indies for so much more cotton. Then the people of India rolled in wealth, the Parsee merchants bound their carriage wheels with silver tires, and buried jar after jar filled with Mexican silver dollars and American double eagles, and prayed that peace might never come to the Yankee fools. That does not look like an illustration of the law of solidarity; perhaps not. But the law is true, nevertheless. For the fields that raised all the cotton that brought this wondrous wealth had formerly borne rice, and then food was cheap. Now food was daily growing dearer, until a sudden drouth struck famine into whole kingdoms, just when England no longer wanted all the cotton, and then by the side of the cotton bales and the buried coin-jars there fell 300,000 poor starved wretches, and lay unburied.

When the people of the United States went to war among themselves, they naturally destroyed much property. We have more than once shown that they did destroy much more than they made, and became

thereby much poorer. The last year's census of twenty-one States, of which we have the figures, shows the taxable property in those States to have diminished during the war from 7,200 millions in gold valuation to 6,700 millions in currency valuation, a diminution of at least 2,000 millions of dollars in gold. As fast as we destroyed, the peoples of Europe were glad to sell us at a profit whatever they could furnish to replace the loss, and waxed rich and richer thereby, and hoped the war would never cease. But when pay-day came we were, as is apt to be the case with extravagant people, altogether unready, and the people in Europe to whom we owed said, You need not pay us now; we will give you twenty years' time, and perhaps we shall not want the money even then; you can pay us interest meanwhile. In this way those in Europe who had profited by our troubles really lent us their property for an indefinite time to repair our losses by the war, and took from us our "promises to pay."

This is the way in which our promises to pay come to be bought and sold at the European exchanges, and the fact that their price and the price of gold in Wall Street are affected by the quarrels of European princes, is only another illustration of the same law of the solidarity of nations. It may prove a question of no little importance to us in what way a war between France and Prussia would affect our finances.

The first effect of war in all countries is to impel governments, corporations, and individuals to possess themselves as much as possible of the *nervus rerum*—ready cash. The United States are one of the great sources of supply. Can we be forced to part with our specie? Of course, if our merchants were indebted to merchants in Europe and the European merchants not indebted to us, there is no doubt we should have to send specie in payment of our debts. But an extensive enquiry among importing merchants convinces us that the amount of due or nearly due indebtedness to Europe is at this moment unusually light, a very large portion of the heavy importations of this spring consisting of consignments remaining unsold, and the balance being mainly already paid for. We are not, therefore, likely to witness an important drain of specie in settlement of commercial indebtedness.

The only other means of drawing specie from us is the return of our bonds. Without entering now upon a discussion of the question how far a war in Europe will ultimately increase the demand for our securities, we see that the first effect of the fear of war is to cause large amounts of them to be sent from the Continent to England for sale against gold. It is self-evident that as long as our bonds can be sold in England or any other part of Europe for a better price in gold than they will bring by being shipped here, they will be sold in Europe. The price in gold that bonds will bring in this market depends upon their currency price here and upon the premium on gold. A war in Europe does not in itself present any contingencies likely to affect the currency price of our bonds, and we may, therefore, safely say that the price which our bonds sent here from Europe will bring in gold depends exclusively upon the currency premium in gold. The present premium upon gold is based entirely upon the stock of gold now in the country. Any diminution or prospect of diminution in this stock would immediately advance the price in proportion—and so well is this understood by all Wall Street, that the price is now, and has been for ten days past, regulated entirely by the London price of our bonds, and has been held at a point at which bonds cannot be imported from Europe at a profit, or, in other words, at a point at which there is no probability of the stock being reduced by heavy shipments.

Last year the pressure of public and private opinion upon the Secretary of the Treasury forced him, against his own better judgment, it is believed, to sell large amounts of gold, and thus depress the price. It is notorious that during the whole of last year's panic in Europe it was, in consequence of the low price of gold, a highly profitable operation to bring bonds here for sale and ship the coin against them. To such a point was this carried that we actually sent more gold over than Europe required, so that a large part of it was sent back in September and October, in payment of the very bonds returned in May and June. The utter folly of this course is too well understood now to permit its repetition to be for one moment thought of. Nothing is, therefore, likely to be done by the Government this time to make it a safe and profitable operation for foreign nations to drain us of our coin, and defer again for an unlimited period our return to specie payments. It



seems, then, not unreasonable to assume that, in case of actual war, or of continued fear of war, the price of gold here will continue to rule at or near a point at which our bonds cannot be imported from Europe at a profit.

But, apart from any security thus afforded us against the return of our bonds by the advance in gold, we believe that after the first panic our bonds will not only not suffer a very material or permanent decline, but that, on the contrary, the fact of our being comparatively uninfluenced by the war itself will cause our securities to be sought after in preference to those of any European government.

We furthermore believe that in case of a war between two such powerful nations as France [and Germany, which would, financially and commercially, involve almost every nation of Europe, we should see a repetition of our experience of war in its influence on one financial movement. During the first year of our war the people of the United States withdrew from banks and hoarded over 80 millions of gold, in addition to the sums already in circulation before the war began. If this experience should repeat itself among the less well-informed peoples of Europe, no bank in Europe would be able to stand the drain.

We might then see the banks of England and France undergo the same fate as our banks in 1861, and, after a period of financial disturbance, see their specie come here for safe-keeping, as ours went to Europe in 1862 and 1863. We might then see ourselves reaping the same harvests on sea and on land that the European peoples reaped during our war, and praying that their wars might never end. But remembering the great law of the solidarity of nations, let us rather hope that, by the wisdom of rulers and the patience of people, peace may yet be preserved, as we have no doubt it will be, in spite of the threatening aspect of things, and that many years may pass before that great messenger of peace, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, be again perverted to purposes of strife and suffering.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S OVERTHROW.

THE late defeat of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons is likely to exercise sufficient influence on English politics and on Mr. Gladstone's fortunes to merit a clearer explanation of it than has yet been given on this side of the water.

The "dual vote," that is, the provision by which a man who paid income-tax, or, in other words, a man of the middle or upper classes, was endowed with an extra vote, while the poor man who had only the house qualification and did not pay income-tax had only one, which was the most obnoxious feature of Mr. Disraeli's bill, was abandoned by him almost as soon as the opposition attacked it. It was so clearly an attempt to retain the real power in the hands of the present holders while nominally admitting the working-men to a share in it, and was so well calculated to excite intense class hostility, that it had to be given up the moment attention was called to it.

The great question which then divided the ministry from the opposition was this: Mr. Disraeli's bill, as it now stands, proposes to establish what is in reality household suffrage in a modified form; that is, to give every householder a vote who has resided in a borough two years, and has personally paid his poor-rates, or tax for the support of the poor. Now, this excludes a very large class who are what is called "compound householders," or persons who, instead of paying their poor-rate directly, pay it through their landlord. There was so much trouble and expense incurred in collecting the rate from the occupiers of small tenements that an act was passed some years ago enabling parish vestries, by which the rate is struck and collected, to require the landlord to pay the rate due on all his property in one round sum, allowing him a deduction of twenty-five per cent. for his trouble, and authorizing him to repay himself by an addition to the rent. Some parishes avail themselves of the act—about 5,000 in all—and others do not; so that in many of the large towns the people living on one side of the street are "compound householders," paying their poor-rate with their rent, while those on the other side are direct rate-payers themselves. To the latter Mr. Disraeli's bill gives the franchise on the simple production of the tax receipt and proof of residence; to the former it only gives it on condition of their assuming themselves the

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claims of the numerous applicants for public attention who now make their appearance every week.

Without going into the vexed question of the *use* of criticism in its highest aspects, there is one aspect in which its utility will be denied by nobody, and that is as an aid to book-buyers. The American public contains more book-buyers than any public in the world, and the American and foreign press teems with books. Now, the majority of book-buyers have neither the time nor the money to buy or read the one-thousandth part of what is published. It is of the highest importance to them, therefore, that they should have some guidance in deciding what books of the thousands they had better buy and read and digest and put away on their bookshelves; and it is to supply this guidance, however imperfectly, that what are called "literary notices" are published in the newspapers. Without this object in view, two-thirds of them would be an idle flow of words, and the time spent in writing them utterly lost to nearly everybody but the writer and a few of his friends. But, for the book-buyer, the first essential of these "notices" is honesty and independence. The writer of them—certainly of those which appear in the weekly papers—professes to be a third party, a judge of books standing between the bookseller and the public, without interest or bias on one side or the other, and occupied solely with the task of giving the book-buyers a fair idea of the literary value of the wares which the publisher offers for sale. The publisher is, of course, interested in selling, and in nothing else. *Caveat emptor* is even more emphatically the rule of the book market than of the horse market. Of course no publisher of respectability selects works for publication which he does not honestly believe to have merit. But having once selected a book and put his name on it, his whole and sole business is to push its sale, to recommend it, and induce others to recommend it. The public is perfectly aware of this, and is consequently not in the least affected by what the publishers say of their own books in their advertisements or elsewhere. Those funny little sheets, containing elaborate laudatory notices of the works they have for sale, which some of the booksellers have lately taken to circulating, and in which so much philosophy, sociology, "knowledge of human nature," and wide and various reading are brought to bear upon the commendation of the last novel or poem, are very entertaining, but nobody is deceived by them. Everybody makes allowance for the motives of the writers, and, having laughed, lays them down.

When a man not very familiar with books wants to know what is going on in the book world, and whether he had better buy the latest novelty, he looks at the reviews of it, probably at that which has appeared in his weekly paper—most probably, in this country, in his religious weekly. "Here," he says to himself, "I shall get the opinion of an honest man of some literary acumen who has read the book, who has no interest in promoting its sale, and by his opinion I shall be guided in deciding whether I had better expend in purchasing it any portion of the too small sum which I can afford each year to lay out in this way." Now, if the reviewer is peculiarly interested in the sale of the book, as the publisher is; if he is not an impartial judge, but virtually an agent of the publisher disguised as a critic, and rewarded by him directly or indirectly for puffing his wares; if the reviews he writes are not candid estimates of the value of the book for the use of the buyer, but advertisements, in the guise of reviews, for the benefit of the publisher, and intended to induce the reading public to purchase the book—then, we say, the reviewer and all who aid and abet him are guilty of an odious fraud, which is not rendered one whit less culpable or less contemptible by the fact that most books only cost a dollar and a half each. A cheat is a cheat, let the amount be what it may. And we say, advisedly, that a very large proportion of the "genial criticism" of our popular periodicals is of this kind, and it is owing to the wide prevalence of this fraud that the efforts of some journals to judge of books on their merits solely and speak of them as they deserve, are stigmatized as indications of a malignant and acrid nature.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not say that there is any paper of reputation in the country which does not often contain reviews of real merit and written with an honest purpose, and which does not occasionally take pains to procure such reviews. Nor do we say that the corruption of the Genial Critic takes the form of gross bribery; that the bookseller gives him or the newspaper publisher a fixed sum to produce "a first-rate notice" of his last book. It is only the lowest order of humbugs and deceivers who can be seduced in this way. The process commonly in use is more complicated and a little more delicate. The bribe is "advertising patronage." Publishers find that an advertisement in any paper is doubled in value by the appearance of a favorable critique, in the editorial columns, of the book advertised; therefore they very naturally and very excusably advertise most where they get

most favorable notices, and the Genial Critic, knowing their weakness, offers favorable notices in return for paying advertisements. Both parties in this way make money; the author's feelings are spared; his "profundity," his "lucidity," his "acuteness," his "wonderful grasp" and "rare powers" are proclaimed to the listening world; and a few hundred persons are eased of two dollars apiece, "which they will never miss," and "where's the harm of it all?" say the Genial Critic and the "enterprising publisher" of the "widely circulated and influential journal." The harm is the harm of all money-getting on false pretences, and the additional harm of lowering the public taste, hindering the reward and recognition of real merit, and tempting scores of people into authorship who would be much better employed in selling thread and needles or raising cranberries.

All this has, of course, been said before many a time. The reason why we repeat it now is that we happen to have caught "the Genial Critic" in the very act of making his bargain with the book publishers, and are thus enabled to fortify our judgment with names, dates, and circumstances—an advantage which few of those who have assailed his malpractices have enjoyed. We have before us a printed circular issued by the proprietor of *The Independent*, a religious weekly paper of this city, and addressed to "booksellers and publishers," soliciting advertisements, and judiciously marked "private." He announces at the opening that *The Independent* is "unsurpassed in circulation and influence by any religious paper on the globe"; that "in name and reputation it has no superior"; that "in character and ability" it has acquired "a fame thoroughly national"; that its subscribers are "a reading class, a book-buying class," "in comfortable or independent circumstances," including "seven or eight thousand clergymen of all denominations." Much of this is, no doubt, true. *The Independent* has some excellent qualities, and has certainly a very wide circulation, but this only increases its responsibility in the matter of "book notices." But the views of duty on this subject entertained by the publisher of this wonderful "organ" may be inferred from the following paragraph:

"BOOKS SENT FOR REVIEW.—The managers of *The Independent* desire to make their paper in this respect as acceptable to book publishers as possible. All books sent for review are considered as candidly and favorably as possible. We cannot review every book sent us, as our space for book notices is limited. Yet ALL books of worth are reviewed and well treated."

We have great pleasure in giving this notice the benefit of our circulation. Publishers will observe that it is only their "books of worth" that are favorably treated, so they had better send their poor books elsewhere. The Genial Critic never occupies himself with the chaff. There is one question we should like to ask him, and we leave him to answer it at his leisure. He will be the last man in the world to deny that humbug is the great curse of our time. What we wish to know is, how he supposes society is ever to be delivered from it if the press, and especially the religious press, which is the *ex officio* exposé of humbug, is to remain one of its most besotted worshippers? Has he no bowels of compassion for the "best families, the people of intellectual culture and appreciation," even though they are "in comfortable and independent circumstances," and especially the "seven or eight thousand clergymen," who every week have to read his "candid and favorable reviews"?

## HOW SHALL WE SPELL?

NO. II.

IN our last week's discussion of the orthographic question we endeavored to expose the absurdity of the claim that our present modes of spelling are necessary if we would keep up a knowledge of the history of our language. Many, however, who have too much insight and caution to put their advocacy of the "historic" or Tibetan principle in English orthography upon the false ground of its indispensableness to etymologic science, will yet defend it as calculated to lead on the writer or speaker of our language to enquire into the history of the words he uses, thus favoring the development of an etymologizing tendency. He who now pronounces *sum* and *him*, they think, would be liable, if he also wrote those syllables phonetically, to just simply accept them as names of the things they designate, like *pig* and *pen*, without giving a thought to their derivation; whereas, if he knows that they are and must be spelt *psalm* and *hymn*, his natural curiosity to discover the cause of so singular a phenomenon may land him in the Greek language, and make a philologist of him almost before he suspects what he is about. There is more show of reason in this argument; but whether more reason, admits of doubt. The anomalies of our orthography, unfortunately, are far from being calculated, in the gross, to guide the unlearned to etymological research. For one of them which is of value in the way of incitement and instruction, there are many which can only confuse and discourage. In the



first place, there are not a few downright blunders among them. Thus, to cite a familiar instance or two, the *g* of *sovereign* (French *souverain*, Italian *sovrano*) has no business there, since the word has nothing whatever to do with *reigning*; *island* (from Anglo-Saxon *ealand*, is spelt with an *s* out of ignorant imitation of *isle* (Latin *insula*), with which it is wholly unconnected; in like manner, an *l* has stumbled into *could*, in order to assimilate it in look to its comrades in office, *would* and *should*; *women* is for an original *wif-men*, and its phonetic spelling would be also more truly historical. Again, another part, and not a small one, seem to the ordinary speller the merest confusion (and are often, in fact, nothing better), calculated to lead him to nothing but lamentation over his hard lot, that he is compelled to master them. Take a series of words like *believer*, *receiver*, *weaver*, *fever*, *reever*, and try how many of the community are even accessible to proof that their orthographic discordances are bottomed on anything tangible. There is in some persons, as we well know, an exquisite etymologic sensibility which can feel and relish a historical reminiscence wholly imperceptible to men of common mould; to which, for instance, the *u* of *honour* is a precious and never-to-be relinquished token that the word is derived from the Latin *honor* not directly, but through the medium of the French *honneur*; and we look upon it with a kind of wondering awe, as we do upon the superhuman delicacy of organization of the "true princess" in Andersen's story, who felt the pea so painfully through twenty mattresses and twenty eider-down beds; but it is so far beyond us that we cannot pretend to sympathize with it, or even to covet its possession. If we are to use a suggestive historic orthography, we should like to have our words remodelled a little in its favor: if we must retain and value the *b* of *doubt* (Latin *dubitare*), as sign of its descent, we crave also a *p* in *count* (French *compter*, Latin *computare*), and at least a *b*, if not an *r* also, in *priest* (Greek *presbuteros*); we are not content with but one silent letter in *alms*, as relic of the stately Greek word *eleemosynē*; we contemplate with only partial satisfaction the *l* of *calm* and *walk*, while we miss it in *such* and *which* (derivatives from *so-like* and *who-like*). Why, too, should we limit the suggestiveness of our terms to the latest stages of their history? Now that the modern school of linguistic science, with the aid of the Sanskrit (not Sanscrit) and other distant and barbarous tongues, claims to have penetrated back to the very earliest roots out of which our language has grown, let us take due account of its results, and cunningly convert our English spelling into a complete course of philological training.

We have, however, no intention of taking upon ourselves here the character of reformers or of proposers of reforms; only, when this and the other principle are put forward as valuable we cannot well help stepping aside a moment to see where we should be led to if, like true men, we attempted to carry out our principles. As regards the historic element in English orthography, we think it evident enough that its worth and interest do not at all lie in its instructing effect upon the general public who use the language, but rather in its tendency to call up pleasing associations in the minds of the learned, of those who are already more or less familiar with the sources from which our words come. It is much more an aristocratic luxury than a popular benefit. To the instrument which is in every one's hands for constant use it adds a new kind of suggestiveness for those who know what it means, and gives them the satisfaction of feeling that, though they may not wield the instrument more successfully than others, there are peculiarities in its structure which they alone appreciate. Such a satisfaction is a selfish one, and improperly and wrongly obtained, if bought by a sacrifice of any measure of convenience or advantage to the great public of speakers and writers.

What may be the general loss in these respects we will not now stop to enquire. For it is incontrovertibly true that whether the natural merits of the two principles we have been considering—the Chinese and the Tibetan, the differentiation of homonymous words and the retention in writing of former modes of utterance—be greater or less, they are practically held in the most complete subordination to another, namely a simple conservation of the modes of spelling now current. All that is said in their defense is as much aside from the true point as were the pleas put forth a few years since by the Southern slave-owners respecting the curse of Canaan and the separate origin and inferior endowments of the negro race. Those pleas were urged, no doubt, with a certain kind of sincerity; but we have yet to hear of the ethnologically learned or the devout Southerner who ever set a slave free because the blood of the superior race predominated in him, or because only the sixteenth part of his lineage was to be traced to Ham, while the rest went back to Shem or Japhet, or both. "Possession is nine points of the law," and *partus sequitur ventrem* were the true proof-tests and scientific principles on which the master's right reposed; and so also "what-ever is, is right" constitutes the complete ethical code of him who is defend-

ing English spelling. Anything else is mere casuistry, a casting of dust in the eyes of the objector. The paramount consideration, which really decides every case, is that the existing orthography must be perpetuated; if for this and that word any other apparently supporting considerations of any kind soever can be found, they may be made the most of—yet without creating a precedent, or establishing a principle which is to be heeded in any other, case where it would make in favor of a change. The advocate of "historic" spelling insists strongly upon retaining the *l* of *could* as that of *would*, and fights against a *p* in *count* not less vehemently than in favor of a *b* in *doubt*; the difference of *receive* and *believe* is no more sacred in his eyes than the sameness of *cleave* and *cleave*. Now, we have no quarrel with any one who plants himself squarely and openly upon the conservative ground and declares that our English spelling is, with all its faults and inconsistencies, good enough for its purpose, that every item of it is consecrated by usage and enshrined in predilections, and therefore must and shall be maintained. What we cannot abide is that he who means this, and this only, should give himself the airs of one who is defending important principles, and keeping off from the fabric of English speech rude hands that would fain mar its beauty and usefulness. Orthographic purism is, of all kinds of purism, the lowest and the cheapest, as is verbal criticism of all kinds of criticism, and word-faith of all kinds of orthodoxy. As Mephistopheles urges upon the Student, when persuading him to pin his belief upon the letter,

"Von einem Wort lässt sich kein Iota rauben,"

"every iota of the written word may be fought for," and that, too, even by the tyro who has well conned his spelling-book, though his knowledge of his native speech end chiefly there. Many a man who could not put together a single paragraph of nervous, idiomatic English, nor ever had ideas enough to fill a paragraph of any kind, whose opinion on a matter of nice phraseology or even of disputed pronunciation would be of use to no living being, fancies himself entitled to add after his name "defender of the English language" because he is always strict to write *honour* instead of *honor*, and *travelled* instead of *traveled*, and never misses an opportunity, public or private, to sneer at those who do otherwise.

In what we have said we have been solicitous only to put the defence of our present modes of spelling upon its true ground. We may, perhaps, take an opportunity later to discuss some of the other aspects of the orthographic question.

## PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, April 5, 1867.

THE opening of the International Exhibition, which took place on the 1st inst., according to the official programme, has naturally been the leading topic of the past fortnight. The backward state of the great undertaking, the coldness of the weather, and the too evident desire of the managers of the great show to make it a paying speculation, have somewhat cooled the enthusiasm of the Parisians in regard to the affair; and the extreme simplicity of the inaugural ceremony, reduced by the necessities of the case to a mere promenade through the court of the building, the commissioners, jurymen, and diplomatic body, etc., all in plain everyday clothes, had nothing in it to gratify the eye or appeal to the imagination. A more utter contrast could hardly be imagined to the imposing scene presented by the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, and the spectacle, quite as splendid, though different, afforded by the opening of the Exhibition of 1855. In both cases the form of the building permitted the eye to take in a vast extent of striking and splendid surface; tinted columns, gilded blazons, handsome flags, and the dense, expectant, well-dressed crowd, with its variegated masses of color furnished by the grouping of official costumes, and of the black and white of evening dress in the portions of the building filled by the uglier sex and the gay toilettes of the fairer one. And, contemptuously as philosophy may look down on the puerilities of the tailor's art, it is certain that nothing can compensate, in the general effect of any public spectacle, for the absence of the peculiar appearance imparted to the scene by the orderly contrasts of color resulting from the massing of the various styles of costume in a grand assemblage of well-dressed humanity. On the occasions referred to, the vastness and beauty of the place of concourse, the splendor of accessories, the unparalleled spectacle of the huge, expectant gathering of human beings, and the imposing pageant afforded by the sovereigns themselves in their magnificent attire, preceded by a dignified group of officials in uniform and followed by their several courts in all the elegance of drawing-room costume, moving slowly along the broad, carpeted aisles in full view of all present, and graciously acknowledging the resounding acclamations and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs that filled the vast building to its farthest extremity, combined to fill the eye and impress the mind of the beholder. An un-

finished, undecorated building, very ugly, though very convenient, and only capable, through the peculiarity of its construction, of showing a mere handful of spectators at a time; reaches of almost bare wall; bare, half-swept stone floors, equally cold to the foot, eye, and imagination; and, coming and going before one could be well aware of their approach, a small mob of common-looking people, whose high position did not render their everyday clothes a whit more imposing, and in their midst a gentleman and lady, arm-in-arm, looking extremely like ordinary mortals, and covered from head to foot with the abundant dust swept up by the lady's long gown in the course of their peregrination,—such was the spectacle presented by the "ceremony" (if such it can be called) of last Monday.

It may interest your readers to know that the Empress, who, like her "august" spouse, was looking extremely well, wore a tremendously trailing gown of maroon satin, cut out into a pattern round the edge, but without other trimming; a black velvet mantle, rather longer than those in vogue just now among the fashionables of this region, very richly trimmed over its upper part only with embroideries of jet and black Chantilly lace. As an apology for a bonnet, a tiny affair, not quite so small as the biscuits and lozenges now worn on female heads, composed of velvet of the color of the dress, and trimmed with jet, lace, and a small bunch of black and gold flowers over the right side of the forehead. Her graceful Majesty, who glided along, as usual, more as a wave or a vapor than is the wont of ordinary bundles of bones and muscles, has so much good taste and native elegance that, no matter what may be the prevailing fashion, she always keeps clear of extravagance or eccentricity. Thus, though her cloak was small, it still looked like a cloak intended for out-of-door wear, and not like the ridiculous little vests, coming scarcely below the elbows, which so many of her husband's lady-lieges seem to have carried away from their toilette-stand or dressing-table by mistake; and her bonnet, tiny as it was, was by no means microscopic, and covered all the front and sides of the head, leaving one in no sort of doubt as to whether its wearer were bare-headed or not.

The Imperial pair were extremely well received—a chorus of acclamations greeting their appearance, and circling with them as they went round the building. And although the opening was so very far from being imposing as a spectacle, and the building has proved itself to be, as every one foresaw must be the case, utterly incapable of affording anything like a grand *coup d'œil*, there can be no doubt that the present Exhibition, when really *au complet*, will abundantly compensate, by the unparalleled richness and interest of its contents, for any lack of scenic effect in the "gasometer" and its arrangements.

Unready as is every portion of the interior, and difficult as it is to appreciate the most exquisite marvels until they have quitted their packing-cases, a ramble through the vast concentric galleries of the new palace of industry is far from being devoid of interest. There are in each department oases of "space" in which the exhibitors have nearly completed their preparations; and even in the least completed portions one comes here and there upon something of rare interest or beauty. For instance, on an otherwise blank wall of "Gallery II," devoted specially to the appliances and products of "artistic industry," there is a marvellous collection of tropical leaves, silvery white but not shiny, obtained apparently by some new plastic process, which seem to have been wrought by the hand of Dame Nature herself; and beneath these a series of photographs of flowers and fruit, signed by Aubrey, of a perfection that altogether upsets one's notions of photographic possibilities. There is, for instance, a cluster of China asters and another of poppies, a bunch of grapes, and a spray laden with plums, all of life-size, absolutely astounding to the eye. The relief of these photographs is stereoscopic; and every little vein, wrinkle, or inequality of surface is as plainly visible as in the real object. The exquisite gradations of light and shadow seem to produce an effect equivalent to the shadings of color in the real objects; and the velvety texture of the flowers, the bloom of the fruit, are rendered with a fidelity and a delicacy that are indescribable.

If the "pomp and vanities" were not represented very evidently in the little ceremonial of Monday last, there will apparently be no lack of them at the two grand solemnities for which so much anxious preparation is being made at Pesth and at Berlin. The approaching coronation of the "King of Hungary" will be one of the most picturesque pageants imaginable. The King and Queen, as well as all the great Hungarian magnates, will appear in their splendid national costumes, and the display of jewellery and gold embroidery will be dazzling. The famous Esterhazy jewels, heirlooms of three or four generations, have just been dispersed under the hammer of a London auctioneer; but the old families of Hungary, despite the tribulations of their country, are rich in jewels, and will bring them out to the last diamond in honor of the day that will consecrate the great fact of the national triumph.

The gala court-dress of Hungary is the richest in Europe, and, in the case of those who possess a large collection of precious stones, is often so thickly sewn over with these as to be stiff enough to stand alone. The famous Esterhazy coat, a sort of loose jacket of silk, was completely studded with magnificent pearls and jewels; and they say that every time it was put on it entailed on its owner an average loss of £1,600 from the dropping off of the stones. The cap worn with this famous suit was not only covered with magnificent jewels, but was surmounted with a phoenix composed entirely of large diamonds of the purest water, one of the finest known emeralds, and several rubies of fabulous value. The sword, sword-belt, and all the other portions of the costume, which has now been broken up and sold in fragments, were of corresponding richness and value. As for the coming marriage of the Count of Flanders with the Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the Berlin papers are full of the wedding programme. The King of the Belgians will be present at his brother's marriage, which is to be celebrated on the 25th inst., at 2 P.M., by the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, in presence of the Royal family of Prussia and a great concourse of grandees, Prussian and Belgian. The bride's train will be borne by four ladies of honor. Cannon will be fired; all the bells of the capital will ring their loudest peals. The wedding party will dine at four in the famous White Saloon of the palace; the Prince and Princess Royal will hold a grand reception in the evening in honor of their "august" relatives; and on the following day the Belgian Royal family (who are Catholics) will attend mass in the Church of St. Edwige, after which the new married couple will make a round of visits. At two o'clock there will be a *déjeuner-dinatoire* at the palace; and in the evening the King of the Belgians and the new pair will hold first a diplomatic reception, and then a court in the picture gallery, winding up a tolerably onerous day's work with a concert, given at eight o'clock, in the White Saloon.

The giving of concerts is becoming more and more "a feature" in the fashionable dissipations of Lent. An unusually fine one was given on Wednesday evening at the Tuileries; but the Empress was not present, having tired herself out and taken a severe cold in her long promenade on Monday. M. Auber, director of music sacred and profane at the Tuileries, moved about among the assembled musicians the youngest man present. "*Mon cher*," remarked the old composer to a guest who approached him, "you will hear nothing but old-fashioned airs to night [the music selected was entirely of the old masters]; but you must remember that most of the new music so called is new only in name." A snow-white hair that had fallen on the maestro's collar having been espied and removed by the guest, "Some old person must have passed very close to me," added the old composer, with one of his sly smiles.

The Théâtre Français is negotiating with Victor Hugo a revival of the nearly forgotten dramas of the self-expatriated poet, beginning with "*Hernani*." Sharpshooting critics declare that the attempt will be a failure; and as *les absents ont toujours tort*, are raking up all manner of spiteful anecdotes and witticisms against the poet. Patti is shortly to take wing for London, but Nilsson will remain here during the summer. Thérèse, Susanne Laget, Cornélie, and Albert de Glatigny, the *improvisateurs*, are preparing their nets for the shoals of foreign fishes so soon to arrive in Paris waters. Adah Menken is in high favor, and figures in the windows of all the print-shops; and all the empty houses not yet rented by speculators, for conversion into furnished lodgings, are being hastily turned into eating-houses.

## Fine Arts.

### FORTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

#### FIRST NOTICE.

MANY of our younger painters are away this spring, and among them are some of those whose works have made former exhibitions more attractive than this one is. Mr. Homer, Mr. Vedder, and Mr. C. C. Colman, of those who are the strongest, are in Europe; Wm. H. Furness, Jr., is dead, and two unfinished portraits but poorly supply that place in the exhibition which his pictures of former years have created and which they worthily filled. We shall look at the portraits in future collections with less interest since Furness's contributions will not be among them. Mr. Vedder sends from Paris one small picture; good as it is, it is but one. So of those who stay at home; Mr. McEntee sends but one picture, and, good as it is, it is but one. Mr. Ward contributes one unimportant bust. Mr. Johnson sends but one picture besides a small cabinet portrait. Mr. Griswold does not give us what will worthily replace the winter pictures of 'sixty-four and 'sixty-five.



There is nothing from the Hills, father and son; but to that deprivation we were growing accustomed when last autumn's exhibition was made pleasant by half a dozen of their works. Mr. Hennessy is not well represented. Mr. Boughton has almost nothing. The fact that the two best known of the avowed realists, Mr. Moore and Mr. Farrer, are better represented than ever before, and the fact that some of the more sensational of the "popular" painters have stayed away, do not save the exhibition from comparative dullness. The good pictures are as good as they have ever been, and in one or two notable instances better than have ever been sent by the same artists; but these are almost lost among the crowd of nearly six hundred of no saving merit.

This general impression comes of almost daily visits during the first ten days of the exhibition. But there are pleasant things to remember even among those pictures which are not the best; and the few pictures which are the best are certainly very delightful. If one begins at the best end of the list, it will often be with Eastman Johnson; and so it is to-day. Mr. Johnson's pictures do not seem to us the best painted of American pictures, because not of the first excellence even among American pictures as works of color; and all the quiet decision of the work, and the excellent drawing where the drawing is best, and the faithful painting of most things as they are, do not make amends for the lack of that other, the most precious of technical qualities. But these pictures are, we think, the best imagined and the fullest of thought. No. 452, "The Pension Claim Agent," is quite a model of how to treat a subject. How not to treat a subject is shown every day in pictures of nearly the same subject with this, a returned soldier telling his story. No. 495, across the gallery, is an instance. In this weak and unrefined picture, "A Modern Othello," or, in other words, a Zouave, is telling his tale, with much gesticulation, to an old man and a young girl. But this apparent readiness to tell their story does not seem to us characteristic of good soldiers, at least of those who came back from our great volunteer army. They were not apt to go off at a rattling pace, flourishing pipes in the air, and growing eloquent with the pathos of their own experience. They were rather close-mouthed and very hard to persuade to much talk about their own experiences. Their deeds had been done in the way of business, and did not seem very marvellous to them. Merchants and lawyers are not accustomed to recount thrilling tales of their ventures and their arguments; things that are a man's daily, matter-of-course employment are not often his chosen themes of discourse to strangers. And a soldier's life is nine parts waiting to one part action; ninety-nine parts rations and drill to one part conflict; while in most cases the conflict comes along as a part of the routine without violent excitement to lead up to it. So that experience of the ways of real soldiers tells against the intense interest in his own achievements of the Zouave in No. 495, and of all the army of pictured soldiers of which he is one. But in No. 452 the claim agent has called, and has seated himself at the table by the window and taken out his papers. So the story must be told; and the soldier stands leaning on his crutch and tells it very quietly, with only an illustrative forefinger. The women of the family keep to their employments and are busy; only the little girl looks around to listen, and lets fall the apple-parings; only the old man sits with nothing to do but to listen. The agent, who has heard hundreds of such stories, is stirred by this one, and his hard face lights up with excitement. The action is all direct, simple, natural. The figures are generally very well drawn even where good drawing was difficult, and there has been no attempt to avoid difficult foreshortenings. The accessories are, as always in these excellent studies of domestic country life, of the greatest value. The painting is dexterous and manly as ever, thin in the shadows, leaving little twinkling lights and broken color to shine through and render them transparent; decided and vigorous in the sharply outlined high lights. There is a too common use of a greyish-blue shade of color which injures the picture—which almost spoils the well-imagined little girl's head, and harms the spirited face of the lawyer. The red of lips and of cheeks is harsh and unpleasant. The sharp-edged pattern in violent colors of the bed-spread hurts the picture, otherwise so grave, and in a grave way harmonious. But, on the other hand, the painting of the soldier's dress, of two nearly similar blues and all in shade, is excellent and admirable. The hands are all well drawn, some of them, as the little girl's that holds the knife, surpassingly well. In former works of Mr. Johnson's there have been a figure here and a figure there, a passage in this picture and one in that, better drawn or better painted than this picture taken all together. But, on all accounts, this seems to us the painter's best work, and not to be surpassed as a work of true and healthy feeling by any American picture. Mr. Johnson's other little picture, a delightful portrait, is not of great excellence in other respects, and peculiarly disappointing in color, with nothing strange in it, nothing unexpected; no strange revelations in that shadow

or this reflected light—phenomena without which a picture can hardly be very good.

Mr. Vedder's "The Musician," No. 369, is so extraordinarily superior in qualities of workmanship to any work of his exhibited before and to most pictures we see here, that one is tempted to stop with the expressed admiration. The blending of the colors is certainly a study for our comparatively unaccomplished workmen. And there are evidences of a feeling for better things than smoothness of texture in the carefully studied, elastic, subtle folds of the drapery and in the suggested form beneath them. But to any one who loves color and who cares for pictures as decorative and beautiful objects, it is sad to see Mr. Vedder's rare gifts subjected to the grey demon that seems to be gaining influence over him. Shadows chilled with grey or deepened with black are just fatal to art. If this or that powerful and thoughtful man is able to make his pictures valuable in spite of the grey cloud, it will be all the more fatal to his admirers and followers. Thus much of technical qualities alone. Mr. Vedder would call this only a study, and no one ought to quarrel with the uninteresting subject; but it is really a picture of still life only. The tapestry and the dress are splendid; the woman, fine as she is for a lay figure, might be a deal more interesting as a woman, and might be doing something. But, objector, it is only a study, and Mr. Vedder is going to do us all good by-and-by, when he paints the pictures that he is nearly sure to paint.

Mr. J. F. Weir, whose great picture of the West Point Foundry last year was so interesting and on the whole valuable, sends a barbarous and harsh little picture called "The Culprit Fay," No. 310. It represents a sort of fairy moonlight on very unearthly plants; it is very false in color and fully as disagreeable as false, and there has been an attempt to make the plants round and projecting at whatever cost. Mr. Weir was, we believe, the artist of a little picture of several years ago, a belfry and bell with little sprites swarming; that picture we remember to have been like this in many respects, though hardly as bad. We hope both are of a time long gone by. A picture in the same gallery, No. 345, "The Eastern Sky at Sunset," seems to have much merit. We shall hope to speak of it again. Mr. Boughton, an admired and successful painter, sends us only a slight water-color drawing, No. 73, "Breton Pastoral." It is very careless and slight and very spotty and broken in general effect, and there is no truthful color in it anywhere. But Mr. Boughton can never quite forget the truth of form, and there is good suggestion of the human figure and of nettles gone to seed. The lover's hands holding his hat are delightfully easy and natural.

Mr. Hennessy has only "An Afternoon on the Beach," No. 545, a picture which is a disappointment to see after the hopes excited by recently exhibited work of this painter's. Most of the single figures are well studied and have some of the peculiar charm of Mr. Hennessy's best work, but they do not belong together; the picture is uncomposed both in sentiment and in line. It would not be fair to describe the figures as pasted flat upon the drab tint that passes for a beach, nor is it a wholly wrong tendency in a painter to make his work too flat, with too little relief; it may often be the best thing to do. Yet it is part of the description of this picture that these things are so with it, as it also is that there is nothing of the beauty of a beach in this waste tract before us.

## Correspondence.

### COLLEGE REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I do not know who may be the author of the article entitled "Considerations on University Reform" in the April number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, but it seems to me to be one of the very best contributions that have been made to the education controversy which is going on among us. The realization of the practical suggestions it contains, or something like them, seems to me to be only a question of time; and I write to add a suggestion or two in regard to points which did not come within the immediate scope of the writer's article.

The question in particular which I wish to raise is, What changes should impending reforms in college management make in the college *entrance examination*? Whatever may be the final value put upon classical studies as an ingredient in the higher education of modern times, nothing can be more certain than that their mischievous *monopoly* is fast coming to an end. Once within the college walls the student finds in our best colleges, and pre-eminently at Yale and Harvard, not only admirable scientific instruction,

but a liberty of choice in the arrangement of his studies which is growing greater every day. He can, to a far greater extent than formerly, follow the bent of his inclination in the selection of his studies, and give freer scope to his natural or acquired tastes.

But while this wholesome change has been going on within the college, the entrance examination has remained unchanged, or, rather, has been changing in a directly contrary direction. I know not why so little attention has been paid to this point, or through what influences the entrance examination, particularly at Harvard College, has been brought to its present pitch of absurdity. How absurd it is will be evident to those not acquainted with it from the statement that a young man of seventeen, to be admitted to Harvard College under the present system, must answer papers requiring an accurate knowledge of all the minutiae of the cumbrous Latin and Greek grammars now in use, and so be possessed of an amount of minute grammatical information which can only reasonably be required of an advanced student in those languages, and some of which should be reserved even for our writer's proposed elective classical "trijos;" while the same young man of seventeen is allowed to enter an institution that calls itself a university *absolutely and entirely ignorant of even the rudiments of every branch of natural and physical science*; for in these there is not even the pretence of an examination. If the Creator had intended that the minds of boys from the age of ten to the age of seventeen should be fed exclusively on a diet of grammatical abstractions, this would be all right; but as every indication points in the other direction, the conclusion is irresistible that this college entrance examination is exerting a perverting influence on the *earlier stages* of our higher education, which is one of the most important, though one of the least noticed, evils under which we are suffering. In addition to this preposterous amount of grammatical technicalities, the mere amount of classical reading required is (as was some time ago pointed out by one of the soundest and most thorough of our classical teachers, Dr. Taylor, of Andover) largely in excess of what ought to be expected of young men of seventeen, if got up with that accuracy as to knowledge of the subject-matter which is essential to its being of any disciplinary value.

The consequences of this state of things are well known to all classical teachers, and are very manifest in the results of the college teaching itself. Unable to conform to the spirit of the requisitions, and yet compelled to conform to their letter, teachers are forced to *cram* their pupils; they cannot interest them; and the pupils themselves, forced to study Latin and Greek in this perverted way, acquire the habit of studying simply for the sake of passing the examination—a habit which, once formed, is death to all real interest in what might otherwise be a delightful branch of study. Even if here and there the interest survives, and the young man desires to make himself a real classical or philological student, so perverted has been the method of his early instruction that he has to undo half his work before he becomes a real philologist.

I am glad to see that even such a champion of classical study as Professor Bowen is awake to the absurdity of our present methods of classical study. Few will be found to sympathize with him in his estimate of the value of a knowledge of the position of Neptune or the utility of the Atlantic Cable; and certainly no true advocate of scientific study will care how many men of straw he sets up and labels "utilitarians" merely for the pleasure of knocking them down again. The contrast between his estimate of the disciplinary value of scientific study and that contained in the recent discourse of Stuart Mill is a little striking. But with the admirable appendix to Professor Bowen's pamphlet I most heartily agree.

All proposals for the improvement of our college course thus far made seem to me to labor under this same defect, that they do not begin at the foundation, do not recognize the reorganization of *school* teaching, the right arrangement of *school* studies, as the condition precedent to the improvement of the college course that is to follow and be built up upon them. Why is the study of physical science in colleges a failure with so many young men? It is because of the lack of all previous preparation; because during all the years set apart by nature for an initiation into the rudiments of those studies the boys were learning to conjugate and decline Greek words, trying to master all the distinctions between the use of the subjunctive and optative, and the infinite importance of not mistaking oxytones for paroxytones or properispomena. What wonder that Cooke's "Chemical Physics" discourages boys who have been allowed to reach the age of seventeen without knowing what makes the water rise in a pump!

A great mistrust has been excited in some quarters as to the value of our public high schools, partly, it seems to me, because their course of study has been, so to speak, bent out of shape to meet these perverted requisitions, and the interests of the great mass of the pupils have thus been made to yield to the necessity of getting a handful ready for college. The surest

way to render our colleges unpopular is to divorce their interests from those of our public school system.

It is for these reasons that I desire to turn the attention of your readers to the very great defects in the entrance examination to college.

CAMBRIDGE, April 4, 1867.

W. P. A.

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LIST OF LOSSES PAID ON MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED DURING THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1866.

AGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.	AMOUNT INSURED.
39	Joseph A. Southard,	Richmond, Me.,	Ship Master,	\$2,000
22	Evander O. Tozier,	Boston, Mass.,	Tailor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
24	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
35	Richard Turtle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	3,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Saml. M. Candier,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Lins,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	2,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Heilmann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philander M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlinville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,800
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
30	Ellen Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Wife,	2,000
35	Robert H. Howe,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Agent,	5,000
19	George H. Dunlap,	Brunswick, Me.,	Gentleman,	10,000
49	Thomas W. Ramis,	Boston, Mass.,	Merchant,	5,000
38	Isachal H. Brown,	Troy, N. Y.,	Druggist,	1,500
27	Zelotes W. Knowles,	Addison, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
62	Lewis Wm. H. Giese,	Baltimore, Md.,	Merchant,	4,000
30	Ellakim W. Ford,	Albany, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000

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